

The Antrim Reporter

VOLUME LIV NO. 12

ANTRIM, NEW HAMPSHIRE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1937

5 CENTS A COPY

Red Cross Needs More Flood Money

Over ONE MILLION fellow citizens in our country are directly affected by the greatest disaster since the world war. We offer no apology in urging you to bend every effort of your committee and every possible volunteer toward raising funds for these people in the Mississippi valleys. Cold, disease and hunger are being desperately fought by the American Red Cross, as your agent, with its hundreds of trained disaster workers and a thousand Red Cross nurses. You cannot go and help in person, as you would if this emergency happened nearby—but you can provide the money which makes it possible for them to give food, clothing, shelter and medical aid, in your name.

We, in New Hampshire, were visited by serious floods last spring and our chapters and branches raised the sum of \$96,000 for relief of our citizens, however, to meet their needs, we were obliged to spend \$246,000. The difference of \$150,000 came to us in our emergency through the National Red Cross from other parts of the country, undoubtedly from some of these very states now suffering so gravely themselves. For this reason we call upon you to help them through securing every contribution possible, large and small.

The Red Cross has reported that it was caring for 950,000 persons and expected this figure would be greatly increased before the end of the week. Over two hundred centralized relief points and thirty-three medical centers are in operation; everything that money and personnel can do, is being done to relieve distress by your National organization. The emergency relief alone will cost millions of dollars and the cost of rehabilitation,

"Sunny Acres" at Town Hall Feb. 5

"Sunny Acres", the Senior Class play for 1937, will be presented at Antrim town hall Friday evening, February 5. Mrs. Laura Mackeno is coaching the members of the cast, and this play, a comedy in three acts, should be an outstanding success.

Those taking part in the play are as follows:

Glen Dixon, who buys a small farm in the country—Vernon Brown
Nacissa, his housekeeper—Edna Linton

Mr. Toliver, the real estate agent—Theodore Caghey

Judith Shepard, a country girl—Virginia Worthley

Homer Pambleton, from whom the farm is purchased—Neal Mallitt

Lucy Pambleton, his wife—Nina Rokes

Selma Potter, Agatha Potter, Callie Potter, middle-aged country "girls"—Judith Pratt, Mabel Kendall, Dorothy Brown

Elliot Warren, a prospective buyer of the farm—Hilda Cochrane

Miriam Warren, his wife—Mabel Kendall

Tickets are on sale by members of the class, for 35c for adults and 25c for children; Reserved seat tickets on sale at Antrim Pharmacy for 45c.

Dancing will follow the play, with music by Dick Sullivan and his orchestra, of Wilton.

which must follow soon, cannot even be estimated at this time. In the name of humanity help us to help them. With your active support, the American Red Cross can and will carry on.

All money contributed is used for relief purposes in the affected areas.

Blue Waters of Gregg Lake Continue to be Popular with Summer Visitors

427 Chestnut St.,
Antrim, N. H.,
January 28, 1937

The Editor of the Antrim Reporter,
Antrim, New Hampshire.

Dear Sir:

In your issue of Nov. 28, 1936, there appeared a letter written by Mrs. Emma A. Phelan, to which justice to your readers demands an answer. The citizens of Antrim and vicinity who fully understand the conditions would not be misled by such a communication but some others, without the facts, might become unwisely prejudiced against a very choice summer resort.

Your readers will remember that that letter was a severe criticism of the low water condition of Gregg Lake. It censured the industries of Antrim which used Gregg Lake water and suggested that such a condition was a health menace.

That your readers may judge my qualifications for answering this letter, may I be pardoned for stating that I have spent some part of the last sixteen summer seasons at Gregg Lake since my first visit there in 1918, and that I spent the entire summer vacation period of 1936 there. I am president of the White Birch Point Association which consists of the one organized group of cottage owners upon the east side of the lake. I am also a teacher of health in the public schools of my home community.

In this answer my own personal qualifications have been supplemented by information from public officers of Antrim of high personal standing and life long residence in the village.

During the summer of 1936 an exceptionally severe drought caused the low water in Gregg Lake. In all my experience I have never seen this lake so low and life long Antrim citizens can not remember a time before when it was as low at that season of the year as it was last summer. But this was also true of all of the other lakes and streams of Southern New Hampshire. Gregg Lake is largely fed by its limited watershed and a few springs. Naturally the springs also were very low.

Many of the mills and industries of Antrim depend upon the water from Gregg Lake for their motor-power. These very industries built the dam at Gregg Lake without which the water in the lake would not at any time remain relatively higher than it was last summer. These industries do not waste the water, neither do they use more than they need. This would be detrimental to their business and investigation shows that they conserve this natural power and that they did so last season.

Although the water was very low and some of the lake bottom exposed on its north west section, in the east portion of the lake the water was still twenty feet deep. Here the boats ran, and the fishing and swimming all continued as usual throughout the season.

This condition was a menace to health, such a menace did not appear. The Boy Scouts pitched a tent out in the emerged portion of the lake bottom on the north west section. The White Birch Point colony, including twenty-five girls and their counselors and assistants from Camp Birchmere, bathed daily on the "Beach", and the towns people and campers bathed on the north west shore the entire season, and now, after careful investigation, I am unable to find a single instance of illness or indisposition caused by the low water. The local physician and his family were frequent bathers at the "beach." If the writer of the letter and her friends had visited the north end above they could probably have received the cordial in-

itation to "Come on in, the water is fine."

The letter pathetically referred to the friendly attitude of the Antrim folk on her previous visit. What in the writer's last visit to the banks of the lake and her more hasty exit made her think that the low water had also dried up the milk of human kindness in Antrim? I found no indication of it. The merchants were as gracious as ever in their marketing fresh fruits and vegetables; the postal authorities failed in no courtesy, and the garage men were as efficient and genial as ever. White Birch Point folk had a very healthy, wholesome, and enjoyable vacation in 1936 at Gregg Lake.

At this season when hundreds of thousands of folks are driven by floods from their homes in the Ohio River Valley, the writer of that letter would be justified as fully in claiming that Cincinnati is not a healthy city in which to live and fully ignore the floods as the cause.

I hope to spend many more vacations at Gregg Lake. Those vacations are a constant anticipation in my home. I do not ask for any finer spirit than the Antrim folk always manifest to me and mine. I am only anxious that I shall, as much as I am able, reciprocate.

I hope that it will be another long, long period before we have such a drought again and history bouys me up in this hope. I trust that the industries of Antrim will continue to conserve the water supply which is our mutual interest.

I expect to fish and swim in the lake very much, and if I swallow some of its pure water as I dive in, I shall rejoice as I come up that that will save me bringing just so much from the spring.

The blue waters of Gregg Lake continue to lure and they join with the temporary dwellers upon their shores and the permanent citizens of Antrim in inviting fair and appreciative visitors.

Sincerely,
Elton E. Ellis.

Mrs. Emma J. Tandy

Mrs. Emma J. Tandy, widow of Willie Alfred Tandy, passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Tenney, Saturday, January 30.

She was the daughter of Alvah and Lovina (Danforth) Davis and born at Newport, N. H., August 21, 1865. She had lived in Antrim for the past thirty-one years, coming here from West Deering, N. H. Mrs. Tandy was a member of the Congregational church at Hopkinton, N. H.

Survivors are two daughters, Mrs. Robert Downing of Concord and Mrs. Benjamin F. Tenney of Antrim; and one son, Wilbur E. Tandy of Washington, N. H., and two grandsons, Ellery and Wendell Ring; also two great-grand-children.

Mrs. Tandy was devoted to her home life and family, but had been in failing health for the last few years until she was taken with pneumonia about a week ago.

Funeral services were held from Mrs. B. F. Tenney's home on Monday, February 1st, with Rev. R. H. Tibbals, pastor of the Baptist church of Hopkinton. Her favorite selections were sung by Mrs. Vera Butterfield and Mr. George Curtis, which were "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Abide With Me." Mrs. Butterfield also sang "In the Time of Roses," which was a favorite that Mrs. Tandy always liked to hear her daughter, Elizabeth, sing.

Bearers were Ellery and Wendell Ring, Benjamin F. Tenney and Fred Gile. Interment was made in the family lot beside her husband at Maplewood cemetery.

Weekly Letter by George Proctor, the Local Fish-Game Conservation Officer

Believe it or not but a Chinese-Mongolian cross pheasant hen laid from April 3rd to Sept. 23rd—149 eggs. That is a record to put down. About twelve years ago I had a little pure blood Chinese hen that laid 103 eggs and I thought that was something.

Here is a fellow over the Massachusetts line that has a fox hound that won sweepstakes at the Ashby Dog races last September and won a cup a yard long more or less that he wants to sell at a price you can afford to pay. Reason for selling, he has 23 more and some he says are just as good.

By the looks of the sporting magazines the outdoors for 1937 are to be very plentiful. The weight has come down and so has the price. You can't afford to be without one now.

What do they do with old safety razor blades and old worn out R. R. Speebers? Well, we know of one fellow that's built himself a nice home on the lake side with 350 ties. And last week I saw plenty of people using old blades to scrape the ice from the windshields.

Spring is right around the corner. Got our first seed catalog last week and heard a robin Monday morning.

If you see a one wire fence around a large cattle pasture, watch that wire as it may be charged with electricity. That's the newest rinkle to keep in cattle, horses and sheep. They rub up against the wire, get a slight shock and then keep off. One of these wires should be properly signed.

Did you know that a woodchuck loses one third of his weight during the winter months? That's why he loves your beans just before he goes in for the winter.

Show dates: Boston, Jan. 30 to Feb. 6th; New York, Feb. 18th to 27th; New Haven, Conn., March 6 to 13th.

Feb. 1st draws down the curtain on all trapping till Nov. 1st. This is on furbearers. When we speak of furbearers we mean fox, raccoon, mink, skunk, martin, fisher, muskrat. Hare and rabbits are not classed as furbearers and cannot be caught in traps of any kind or in snares. If rabbits are doing you damage you can set box traps for them but only on special permits from the director.

The Boston Dog show this year will be from Feb. 21 to and including Feb. 22nd, at Boston.

Here is a lady that wants to buy a pug dog puppy. That's the biggest order that we have yet to receive. Thirty years ago they were as popular as the Spaniel is now, but where to find one now is a problem. If any of our readers know of a breeder let us know.

All the sporting magazines are announcing their big fish contests for 1937. If you catch a big one have it weighed and measured. You might be able to get a prize.

The Legislature is now in session. In the past most of the Fish and Game bills became laws on their passage. So watch the papers for changes in the laws.

If what we read in the sporting magazines is true about the crow hunts conducted in the West, Middle West and Canada, we will expect to see but a few of the black rascals this spring. The reports that thousands are being killed in the west. To kill too many is as bad as not killing enough. They are a pest at times but on the other hand they are a benefit to the farmer.

You South Paws or Port Siders or to be more plain (Left Handed Guys), you are recognized at last and a well known firm has got a rifle to suit your taste. The bolt is on your side and sights have been adjusted for a left hand fellow. Mossberg of Connecticut is the maker.

Down in the lone star state, Texas, 1,500 farmers, 400 County Agents and 250 4-H club boys attended classes at the State College on Wild Game Management on the Farm. This was financed by American Wild Life Institute. The Biological Survey and the Texas Game Fish and Lobster Commission.

Down in Maine the bears are coming out and are doing a great deal of damage to the trees. They love honey and are making raids on the hives. In this same state all the Game Wardens have been issued thermometers and are to test all waters in the state to determine the right kind of waters for trout and salmon.

Did you know that a firm is making a machine that weighs about 170 lbs. that will furnish your camp with electric lights all summer at a very small cost. Consult the February numbers of the Sporting magazines.

We are in receipt of a beautiful poster advertising the old Granite State. It's a sking scene and comes from the officer Donald Tuttle of Concord State Planning and Developing Commission. A work of art. Thanks, Don.

In Buffalo, N. Y., WPA workers have just finished a \$35,000.00 casting pool with grounds and a club house. Also to be well stocked with trout. Boy, O Boy, what a fisherman's paradise.

Your Uncle Samuel has got after the dog food makers and after this they will have to be properly tagged. In the past many humans have been eating it and called it good. Well when we were in Texas a few years ago we had plenty of horse and mule meat and learned to like it.

Who said the public was not going to the dogs. At Revere Beach in Massachusetts last racing season, in 63 nights of racing the public placed bets averaging over \$185,000 a night. Talk about your horse racing and Beano games.

In the state of Michigan the GGC boys have done a wonderful work for stream improvement says American Wildlife Institute. What's the matter with a little of that kind of work in this State?

Ross Kenney, the well known Maine guide, brings in the first gray timber wolf shot in that state in fifty years. We know Ross quite well having met him most every year at the Boston Sportmen's show.

The Wachusett Hound Club, Inc. of Fitchburg, Mass., are to have Land Owners' Night with a banquet and entertainment at Hotel Raymond, that city, Feb. 4th, at 7 p. m. This is an annual event and brings out several hundred land owners and sportsmen. They put on a fine evening and the feeling between the land owners and the Sportsmen is of the best in that section. This is an idea for every club to endorse.

Granite Fish and Game club of Milford are to put on a turkey supper the evening of Feb. 9th. A play by the WPA talent after the banquet.

We are a member in good standing in the newly organized Fish and Game club at Greenfield.

The Corker Spaniel is still leading the whole list of dogs in the American Kennel clubs' register and will no doubt finish first in the year's run.

Well face traffic and you will play it safe.

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Murder Masquerade

BY
Inez Haynes Irwin

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PRELUDE

My name is Mary Avery. I am forty-six years old and a widow. I have lived all my life in the little harbor town of Satuit, Massachusetts, the scene of the famous Second Head murder. The old Avery house on Second Head has been my home for the twenty-five years that have elapsed since I married Mark Avery. It was on my place that the murder was committed. Because of that and for other reasons I have decided to write the whole story of that murder. I say the whole story because some of its details have never reached the newspapers. Those facts are buried deep in my memory and in that of one other person. I shall put this manuscript in my safe deposit box with instructions that it may not be opened until my death.

Murder in Satuit!
It seemed almost as fabulous as a comic-mystic uprising among the flowers in an old-fashioned garden. And indeed when the murder occurred, the citizens of Satuit, became almost as helpless as a gardener in the face of such a revolution. Thither, our equipment for handling crime had been meager. We had a police station, a chief of police, a few policemen, mainly engaged in traffic duty; everything in short but crime. Patrick O'Brien, our chief of police, who bore the leading part in solving the mystery, is of course a citizen of Satuit, known and loved by all of us. Indeed Patrick and I were graduated the same year from high school. Patrick was president of the class and I was treasurer. It was always a race between us two in the matter of marks. In the end Patrick won out and finished at the head of the class.

I have noticed that all mystery stories begin with a description of the crime; then of the locale. I, an amateur, am going to reverse that process. First of all, I am going to describe Second Head where the murder occurred. Second Head is one of four cliffs, rather unimaginatively named First, Second, Third and Fourth Head, which stretch east into Massachusetts bay. To the west of Second Head runs a road, ending north at First Head and south at the Indian river which separates Second and Third Head. Beyond this road, to the west stretches broad marsh, penetrated at high tide by a tiny estuary from the harbor; and beyond the marsh the rest of the big township.

Roughly speaking, the houses on Second Head which are most intimately connected with this story lie in a big oval. The center of this big oval is a small oval—a kind of Common. Here a marble basin, filled with water, supports a colony of goldfish. Every family on Second Head pays a small fixed annual sum to keep this scrap of Common mowed and orderly. We adults call it The Egg. Successive generations of children have always called it Cat Park—although as far as I know, only a few cats ever sunned themselves there.

Next to me—a wide field bordered by high lilac hedges, intervening—live a childless couple, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Stow. I am very fond of the Stows. Peter is a painter and a good one. Mattie Stow is perhaps the plainest woman in God's world; she is also perhaps the nicest. Their house, an old one and a big one, its lower floor amplified by wide glassed-in piazzas adapted perfectly for the purpose of entertaining, is one of the most charming in Satuit. Every summer for twenty-five years, the Stows have given a masquerade. It is the social event of the season.

It was one of the guests of this year's masquerade who was murdered.

Next up the slant of Second Head toward the ocean—to the east—come two houses belonging to Doctor and Mrs. Geary. Doctor Geary is a surgeon with an office in Boston. The Gearys occupy the one nearest the ocean and their married daughter Edith and her husband, Alfred Bray, the one nearest the Stows. I have always known the Gearys and of course I

have watched Edith grow up. I like them all, although none of them thrills me especially; as best they are a little innocuous. The blond Brays are an average happy young couple. Both the Gearys and the Brays went to the masquerade. Their first connection with the murder was when we called Doctor Geary after my maid, Sarah Darbe, found the body of the murdered man.

Next to the Gearys, and still on the ocean side, is the house occupied for the summer by Doctor Marden and his step-granddaughter. Big, very beautiful, more modern than the rest and hence naturally more convenient and infinitely less interesting, it looks forward onto a "moon-light" garden.

An interesting pair these: Doctor Myron Marden and his step-granddaughter. He, a widower, a middle-westerner by birth, has practiced in Paris for twenty-five years. Caro Prentiss, the step-granddaughter, was born in France, had never visited America before. Her mother had died soon after Caro was born.

Caro Prentiss is a new type in the Satuit garden of girls. She has had a continental education and she possesses the most beautiful type of continental manners. In conversation, she displays a kind of swift, wide-fung intelligence very different from that of our Satuit girls. Grandfather and granddaughter fitted admirably into our social life. Both went to the masquerade.

Next beyond the Howard house—wide hedged lawns separating them—is the Eames house. Equally with the Stows, I love the Eameses. Paul and Lora Eames went to school with me, and I am godmother to their only child—Molly. Paul is one of our leading citizens, the president of our bank. Lora busies herself in every good work in the community. They are solid people; fine people. As for Molly—

The Eames house is a little like my own—old, what most people call "quaint," which, whatever else it may signify, certainly means inconvenient. It is at present the most popular house on the Head; for wherever Molly is, the young of her generation congregate. The main connection of the Eames family with the murder is that Molly Eames was engaged to the murdered man. Though why she was engaged to him constituted the most recent of Satuit's social mysteries—he was twenty-five years older than she. In ad-



My Estate Numbers a Generous Dozen Acres.

dition, everybody in Satuit believed that Walter Treadway was the man whom Molly really loved. Walter Treadway had been for two years secretary to the murdered man. Molly had been engaged to Walter for six months. A year before the murder, the engagement was suddenly broken off and Walter left town; six months after Walter's departure and six months before the murder, Molly became engaged again—and to a man who was destined to be murdered. All three of the Eameses attended the masquerade.

Coming around the curve of the circle and down the slope of the Head, we reach the pretty little house of the Fair-weather sisters. Flora, the younger, is dying from cancer and Margaret, the older, nurses her with a passionate devotion. Naturally, neither was present at the Stow masquerade.

Coming still further down the hill, we close the circle with my house, which, separated from it by gardens, lawn, trees and road, overlooks the marsh; a big, old place, built in 1710 by my husband's first ancestor in the country—the original Mark Avery. It consists of what in the family we call the Old Place and the New Place.

The New Place is a little back of the Old Place, quite modern and extremely convenient, to which I retired for the winter. I built it in the first year of my marriage. The New Place bears no part in this story for it is always closed during the summer; but many of the what was known as "the Saboteurs" played themselves out in the Old Place. Inside, it follows on a large hall the plan of many colonial houses—broad hall running from fan-lighted doorway past the fine broad stairway ending half-way down the south of the house. On one side of the hall is the library, on the other, a small living-room. Back of the hall and back of both these rooms, the hall and formerly the ample kitchen and is now my big living-room, stretching across the whole width of the house. Back of this—and now we are in the old—are dining-room and kitchen. Upstairs is a colonial tangle of big rooms and small. Broad screened-in piazzas augment both ends of the house.

Outside, the place is a little haphazard and complicated. But it is, I think, utterly charming. In front are a pair of gardens, one on each side of stepping-stones which lead to the front door, all surrounded by a white picket fence. Beyond that is smooth, velvety lawn running down to the stone wall which projects me from the road. To my right the driveway comes up past my side door, turns in a great loop, rejoins itself, to speak, and flows back to the road. To my left is a small wood, which I call the Spinney. My estate numbers a generous dozen acres and the Spinney takes up perhaps a half dozen of them.

A grassy path runs from my left-hand piazza to the edge of the Spinney. There it becomes a broad gravel path, and pursuing a course regularly oval, runs through the Spinney, curves upward and around and ends at my back door. In the Spinney, further toward the ocean—not in sight from my house—is a tiny wooden log-cabin which we have always called the Little House. Years ago two of my nephews built the Little House. They sleep there by preference whenever they come to visit me and entirely through sentiment I have always kept it in repair. The Spinney path runs past the Little House. Down near the stone wall, within sight of my house, there is a tiny pond. It is circular and no larger than a small room. Until I came here, everybody called it by its hereditary name—the cow well. But when my niece and nephews began to grow up about me, we decided that it should have a more agreeable name. Some of them had visited in Connecticut in a house situated on the Mad river. We adored the name. After long debate it was decided to call the pond the Merry Mere. The Merry Mere is fed from a spring in the hillside; it is perhaps three feet deep in the center. Near it is a big, gray lichen rock which, from time immemorial in the family, has been called Mud-Pie Rock.

Here I live all the year around; alone except for my maids Bessie Williams and Sarah Darbe, colored women who have been with me for years. At the time of the murder, my eight-year-old niece, Sylvia Sard, was visiting me. She spent most of her days playing on the shore of the Merry Mere with her little friend Nancy Burton. Both Sylvia and I went to the masquerade; and both my maids were helping that night in the Stow kitchen.

FRIDAY

As I have said, the Stow masquerade is an annual fete. The first summer after they were married, twenty-five years ago, Peter and Mattie sent out invitations for a masked party. It was so great a success that, thereafter, they gave one every year; ultimately it became the social event of the season. This success is in part due to the fact that Mattie and Peter take such pains to make it so. They leave no stone unturned to give the affair glow, gaiety, gorgeousness—picturesque quality of every kind. The Stows themselves always say that the success of the party is due to the fact that we, the invited, take as much pains as they, the inviters, to make it so. We are, I am sure, as far as masquerades are concerned, a rather special group. We have always enjoyed dressing up. A dinner party will, at the request of the hostess, turn at the last moment into a costume affair. No one of us but has in the attic a trunk crammed with the costumes we have worn on such occasions. At house auctions, we bid feverishly on old clothes, hats, boots, shawls.

It is a point of honor to disguise ourselves from each other as thoroughly as possible. We keep an inviolable secrecy in regard to our plans. On the night of the masquerade, families separate to dress in alien households and to arrive at the Stow place at different times. Husbands fool wives and wives hoodwink husbands.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
by William Bruckart

Washington.—The arrival of the first robin is only a sign of the coming of spring. It does not bring spring weather.

Danger Signs
Nevertheless, our Americans watch for signs all our lives and lately there have been several of them in national affairs that are worthy of notice.

There never has been a time in our country's history, as far as I have been able to discover, when the tension surrounding labor conditions has been as dangerous as it is right now. I do not believe anyone can forecast what the results are going to be, what all of these strikes and factional fights in organized labor mean and I am convinced that they represent something much deeper than just dissatisfaction with wages or growing pains of expanding business. In other words, there are many students of national affairs who are attempting to analyze current labor conditions as signs of new times.

Most observers with whom I have discussed the present labor problems, are hopeful that these troubles mean only continued increases in the demand for labor. That is, they want to accept these signs as indicative of a returning and sound prosperity in commerce and industry. Yet, none of them is quite sure. There are too many "ifs" and too many uncertainties for anyone to attempt a complete diagnosis of the circumstances.

Some weeks ago I ventured the opinion in these columns that the rift in organized labor between William Green as head of the American Federation of Labor and John L. Lewis as sponsor of the industrial union idea, likely would result in serious trouble for the labor unions themselves. I was unable to report then that which I can write at this time, namely, that the schism in organized labor appears certain to set back the cause of organized labor many years. Indeed, it seems that the split, tangled as it is with partisan politics, may prove to be the uncharted rock in union labor's course and its ship may founder on it.

But the situation is fraught with graver possibilities, I am sure. There are elements and influences at work in the labor situation today that easily could lead to riots and bloodshed. From riots and bloodshed it is only a step to revolution of a political sort.

Grave Possibilities

None here knows exactly what the administration's labor policies are beyond the exaggerated promises made during the last Presidential campaign. Of course, President Roosevelt and the bulk of his New Deal spokesmen are exceedingly friendly, overfriendly some believe, to organized labor. The New Dealers had organized labor with them in the last campaign. Now, however, it is made to appear that the support of labor in the campaign is proving more or less embarrassing to the administration which has just started on its second four-year term.

Some of the critics of the administration are outspoken in their statements that Mr. Roosevelt is trying to dodge, trying to avoid, getting mixed up too deeply in labor's problems. Some of his subordinates have been active but the President has stayed out of the picture just as far as he could and as long as he could.

I am inclined to believe that these assertions that Mr. Roosevelt is afraid to take leadership too frequently in labor's problems are unfair to the President. They amount to a statement that he lacks courage—which is not true. On the contrary, there are many who believe with me that Mr. Roosevelt senses developments yet to arise in the labor situation and he is, therefore, being cautious as to steps thus early in what threatens to be a national labor crisis.

On the other hand, it is difficult to explain why the national labor relations board has been so nearly quiescent through such strikes as the plate glass and portions of the automobile workers.

If there ever was a situation made to order for use of the agency set up under the so-called Wagner law, that situation was to be found in the two strikes just mentioned. The board did so little in those circumstances that its existence can be said to have been forgotten. It amounted to a dead letter insofar as the law itself is concerned. In some quarters one can hear discussion to the effect that sponsors of the national labor relations act and board were unwilling to have that agency and the law receive a real test at this time. I have been unable to confirm this thought at all but frankly the circumstances that one sees indicate there is some truth in the rumor that too much of a burden should not be unloaded on the board for its first real test.

Business interests never have believed the law to be constitutional. The New Dealers, however, have contended vociferously that it is valid and yet we have the picture of a New Deal agency failing to perform the very functions for which it was created.

I mentioned earlier some of the signs and portents that are visible in the labor situation. One of the most important of these is the significance of the "sit down" type of strike. I find many informed authorities who refer to the "sit down" strike as a key point in present labor problems.

It is something new in this country. It is a program of striking in which labor is entirely passive but by which it usurps the rights of ownership. The workers simply stay in the plants, offering no trouble and for the most part avoiding destructive tactics. But it is the fact that they remain in the plants, the property of their employers, that is causing considerable worry in government circles.

The reason why this phase of strike tactics is creating concern lies in the fact that it amounts to the seizure of private property by individuals who have no right or warrant in law. It would be the same thing as far as legal rights are concerned if a group of strikers went to your home or mine and announced they expected to stay there. There is no difference in the two situations. While the effect on you or me would be less important to the country as a whole, it remains as a fact that our rights would be violated in exactly the same manner as rights of corporations were violated, say, in the General Motors strike. After all, you and I are merely units of the great mass of people that make up the United States of America. Now, it takes no great stretch of the imagination to recognize that if union labor establishes its ability to occupy the property of others and fixes that as a precedent, then where are the rights of any person who owns property. It matters not whether it is a small cottage, a farm home or a great industrial plant—the right to own property, guaranteed to us by the Constitution of the United States, is virtually nullified.

One of the rights of American citizenship is a right to own property. It is a principle that has grown to be sacred with us since the Boston tea party. Yet, it is being challenged and thus far the federal government has made no move to break it up. As long as employers organize and tread on labor with a steel boot, just so long the workers are entitled to organize to combat mistreatment from business. But it does not seem to me to be a right of labor to actually take private property. To that extent I cannot feel very kindly toward those strikers at present asserting such a right through use of the "sit down" strike.

Now, there are reasons why the federal government has not acted. If troops were sent into private factories to drive out the "sit down" strikers, one can readily see what a riot would result. But if the federal government fails to enforce this inherent right, it is not doing its sworn duty to the rest of the people. And it was only a few weeks ago that Mr. Roosevelt again took the oath of office as President, swearing to enforce as well as defend the Constitution.

Then, another phase of the situation is being discussed. The Wagner law says employers must negotiate collectively "with the majority" organization of employees and it decrees further that the labor relations board shall determine which is the majority organization; that it can decide this question on evidence or order an election among employees. None can tell usually whether union or company organization employees are in the majority in some of these strikes, so the labor relations board has kept out of them.

Taking this labor situation as a whole, I believe I am justified in saying, as I said earlier, that it portends a crisis. Preaching of class hatred has been the main occupation of certain elements in the last three or four years and now those elements are reaping what they sowed. The tragedy of it all is that the rest of us have to reap the same reward.

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Washington.—The arrival of the first robin is only a sign of the coming of spring. It does not bring spring weather.

Danger Signs
Nevertheless, our Americans watch for signs all our lives and lately there have been several of them in national affairs that are worthy of notice.

There never has been a time in our country's history, as far as I have been able to discover, when the tension surrounding labor conditions has been as dangerous as it is right now. I do not believe anyone can forecast what the results are going to be, what all of these strikes and factional fights in organized labor mean and I am convinced that they represent something much deeper than just dissatisfaction with wages or growing pains of expanding business. In other words, there are many students of national affairs who are attempting to analyze current labor conditions as signs of new times.

Most observers with whom I have discussed the present labor problems, are hopeful that these troubles mean only continued increases in the demand for labor. That is, they want to accept these signs as indicative of a returning and sound prosperity in commerce and industry. Yet, none of them is quite sure. There are too many "ifs" and too many uncertainties for anyone to attempt a complete diagnosis of the circumstances.

Some weeks ago I ventured the opinion in these columns that the rift in organized labor between William Green as head of the American Federation of Labor and John L. Lewis as sponsor of the industrial union idea, likely would result in serious trouble for the labor unions themselves. I was unable to report then that which I can write at this time, namely, that the schism in organized labor appears certain to set back the cause of organized labor many years. Indeed, it seems that the split, tangled as it is with partisan politics, may prove to be the uncharted rock in union labor's course and its ship may founder on it.

But the situation is fraught with graver possibilities, I am sure. There are elements and influences at work in the labor situation today that easily could lead to riots and bloodshed. From riots and bloodshed it is only a step to revolution of a political sort.

Grave Possibilities

None here knows exactly what the administration's labor policies are beyond the exaggerated promises made during the last Presidential campaign. Of course, President Roosevelt and the bulk of his New Deal spokesmen are exceedingly friendly, overfriendly some believe, to organized labor. The New Dealers had organized labor with them in the last campaign. Now, however, it is made to appear that the support of labor in the campaign is proving more or less embarrassing to the administration which has just started on its second four-year term.

Some of the critics of the administration are outspoken in their statements that Mr. Roosevelt is trying to dodge, trying to avoid, getting mixed up too deeply in labor's problems. Some of his subordinates have been active but the President has stayed out of the picture just as far as he could and as long as he could.

I am inclined to believe that these assertions that Mr. Roosevelt is afraid to take leadership too frequently in labor's problems are unfair to the President. They amount to a statement that he lacks courage—which is not true. On the contrary, there are many who believe with me that Mr. Roosevelt senses developments yet to arise in the labor situation and he is, therefore, being cautious as to steps thus early in what threatens to be a national labor crisis.

On the other hand, it is difficult to explain why the national labor relations board has been so nearly quiescent through such strikes as the plate glass and portions of the automobile workers.

If there ever was a situation made to order for use of the agency set up under the so-called Wagner law, that situation was to be found in the two strikes just mentioned. The board did so little in those circumstances that its existence can be said to have been forgotten. It amounted to a dead letter insofar as the law itself is concerned. In some quarters one can hear discussion to the effect that sponsors of the national labor relations act and board were unwilling to have that agency and the law receive a real test at this time. I have been unable to confirm this thought at all but frankly the circumstances that one sees indicate there is some truth in the rumor that too much of a burden should not be unloaded on the board for its first real test.

Business interests never have believed the law to be constitutional. The New Dealers, however, have contended vociferously that it is valid and yet we have the picture of a New Deal agency failing to perform the very functions for which it was created.

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Bob Davis Reveals

People Who Drop Coins in The Cans for Sweet Charity

HARDLY a week passes in this country without the inauguration of some sort of drive, the object of which is to secure funds for benevolent purposes. So general has become the custom that municipalities have found it necessary to establish regulations under which money may be collected and accounted for.

After many experiments made to simplify the business of receiving voluntary contributions, the solution can, shortly for the reception of coin or currency, and bearing a plainly printed statement as to what particular organization or institution is behind the drive, has come into general use.

Women and young girls are the most successful collectors of largess for the benefit of suffering humanity. While it is not obligatory upon citizens to respond, none the less a pleasant smile and a soft voice, plus an appealing look is an influence of proven value.

Quite recently at the peak of a drive, worthy in every way of generous public response, I returned to New York after a long absence, entering Manhattan via the Pennsylvania station. One of a dozen pretty girls, all armed with tin banks and enameled buttons, asked for a contribution. "Whatever you wish to give," said she. "We are grateful no matter what the amount."

From a vest pocket I produced several subsidiary coins and held out my hand; an invitation for her to help herself. She selected a quarter, fixed upon the lapel of my coat an unobtrusive button which established me as a member of the club, and expressed her thanks.

One in Six Contributes.

"May I suggest that you wear this symbol the remainder of the week," she said, "for the reason that the drive will go on for that period and we want the publicity. Also it shows that you have responded and that nothing more is expected of the wearer. It is insurance against further appeals. Really if people only knew that, with an investment of not more than the cost of a cigar, the initial cost of a badge, a button or a ribbon, they could render themselves immune against what many regard as an annoyance for the duration of a drive. These things have just got to be done if humanity is to carry on. I hope you don't mind my putting it that way."

Here was a girl of good sense, contributing her own time without fee, and as I learned immediately with no little pride in the part she played.

She would be easy to interview. "What percentage of those you ask to contribute respond with money?" I asked.

"About one in six, a little less than 20 per cent, and in amounts ranging from five cents to a quarter; occasionally fifty cents or a dollar bill. About half of those who pay tell me to keep the button and sell it again. But to that I say 'no; you must wear it so that others may know that you approve.' No man who is willing to help should be ashamed of having done so."

"Who respond the more readily, men or women?"

Women More Generous

"Men as a rule, but women are more generous when they do come in. In any case the middle class can be depended upon to make the best showing. I am sorry to say that many people who from their attire and manner seem to represent the prosperous class are downright rude at even the suggestion that they should be included in the trivial assessment for the good of others. It is heartening to find that there are some who come forward without being asked, to volunteer a contribution. One man, who from visible evidence appeared to be not overly prosperous, gave me a twenty dollar bill, but absolutely declined to wear a button. 'It will save you from being approached again,' I urged. 'Oh, I don't object to that!' he replied. 'It won't be hard to give something to the next collector.' Men of that sort are few and far between, however."

"The average daily total?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Well the weather always has something to do with giving. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that rainy days are the best. Instead of being chilled and depressed by gloom, a great many people seem disposed to respond to an appeal from others. Warm sunny days have almost the opposite effect; folks don't appear to realize that anything is worth worrying about. All is well with them; why not with the rest of the world? I find that the morning is more favorable for good returns. Most people are buoyant after breakfast. I myself work faster and with more satisfaction. Now about the average, I feel that the day has not been wasted if I take in twenty dollars."

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Starts TODAY in these columns!

The Martyred Lincoln



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Lincoln
as
the
Loneliest
Man

"I AM the loneliest man in America." These words dropped from the lips of Abraham Lincoln one evening in 1863, that period which was so dark and unpromising for the cause of the Union.

In March, 1863, writes W. H. Smith in the Washington Post, I heard the incident related to a small group of distinguished men by Bishop Ames of the Methodist church. I do not know if it has ever appeared in print, but if it has, it is worth retelling. The narration took place in the National Hotel, in Washington, in a suite of rooms then occupied by John Evans, territorial governor of Colorado, and father of Evanston, Chicago's beautiful suburb. My presence is accounted for by the fact that Governor Evans was a relative and I had called to pay my respects.

In the group were two or three Methodist bishops, a member of the senate and two of the house. I am sure no one who heard it related ever forgot it, or the impressive manner of the bishop. President Lincoln and the bishop were warm personal friends, and the President had employed the bishop on some delicate mission connected with the war. The bishop said that one evening in June, 1863, he went to the White House to call on the President. The President was in a very despondent mood. Hooker had just suffered his defeat at Chancellorsville. The conversation lasted until a late hour of the night.

The President reviewed the situation at length. The war had been going on for two years, and the North had made little material progress. The bishop asked if he despaired of a final victory. His response was made with great earnestness:

"No, I dare not despair when I know there is a God who controls



"I Dare Not Despair When I Know There is a God."

the affairs of nations as He does those of individuals, but the thought of the thousands who must yet be slain is appalling." It was then he uttered the words with which this article begins. He said: "I am the loneliest man in America. There is no one to whom I can go and unload my troubles, assured of sympathy and help." He spoke of the quibbling, complaining and fault finding in congress, and the harsh and unjust criticisms heaped upon him. He spoke with extreme heat of what he

LINCOLN
WISER with the wisdom of ages,
Shrewder as the man of trade,
Grim as the prophets and sages,
Keen as a damask blade;
Firm as a granite-ribbed mountain,
Tender as woman's song,
Gay as a scintillant fountain—
Yes was he oaken-strong.
Here, the wonder of sons:
Born into pain and strife;
Dead, with a thousand poems
Deathless, he enters life.
—Thomas Curtis Clarke,
in Rural New-Yorker.

termed "that meddling body," the committee on the conduct of war.

The President rapidly reviewed Grant's record since he joined the army. He was at Cairo with a small force. He urgently asked permission to move, saying he would win a victory. The consent was long delayed, but it came at last. Within two or three hours his men were on the steamers, and the brilliant victory of Belmont followed.



"Grant," He Said, "Fights, and That Is What I Want."

It was not a great victory, for the forces engaged were not large, but it was a beginning and showed the mettle of Grant.

Back to Cairo, with a larger force he again and again urged for permission to move, and when the permission came he rushed his men to the steamers, and three days later he captured Fort Henry. Not delaying an hour he pushed his small force across the country to Fort Donelson. He was not dismayed by the fact that the force in the fort was larger than his own, but immediately locked the doors on that force. When the rest of his men reached him, by a series of brilliant assaults, he captured, not alone the fort, but an army almost equal in number to his own.

At Shiloh, unlike any other general, he remained to fight after his disaster on the first day, he made no effort to get the remains of his army across the river, but at daylight the next morning became the attacking party, winning a victory. He was now at Vicksburg, and complaints of his delay were many. Only that day two senators had urged Lincoln to displace Grant, but he would not do it. "Grant," he said, "fights, and that is what I want." He said Grant had promised him he would capture Vicksburg by the fourth of July, and he intended to give him the opportunity.

The President, with deep earnestness, then declared: "When he captures Vicksburg, I will find some way to boost him over the heads of all others, and give him command of all the armies. With Grant in command, by Jinks!" (his favorite expletive) "the armies will move and move to some purpose. He fights."

AGED BIRD FOSSIL SHOWS NEW SPECIES

Bone of Pigmy Falcon Is Found in Nebraska.

Washington, D. C. — Nature was kind to birds 40,000,000 years ago. In the relatively equable climate of the middle and upper miocene geological periods, it is indicated by their scanty fossil remains, various avian families developed a wide diversity of form and size, the less fit of which were exterminated in the bitter cold of the long ice ages which followed.

New evidence of this comes in the form of a pigmy falcon just described as a new species by Dr. Alexander Wetmore, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. A single bone was collected in a quarry in Dawes county, Nebraska, where also were found fossil bones of ancient horses and other animals of the American midwest in the miocene period. It was referred to the Smithsonian for identification.

Size of Sparrow Hawk. Most of the falcons of the present are relatively large and powerful birds of prey. This species, Dr. Wetmore deduces from the fossil bone, was about the size of the male of the small race of the sparrow hawk now found in Florida.

Other pigmy forms related to birds still extant, Dr. Wetmore says, have been found in the same general period of geological time. One was a chachalaca, a distant relative of the turkeys, one species of which now lives in Texas. The fossil form is less than half the size of the modern species of this group.

Another is a fossil oyster-catcher, of about the stature of a small sandpiper. Still another is a form which closely resembles the present Carolina parakeet, but is only about three-fourths as large.

Another fossil bird collected in the same general locality and described by Dr. Wetmore as a new species appears to have been an exceptionally strong, predatory type of hawk of a group now represented only in the old world. It also dates from the middle, or lower, part of the upper miocene period.

Few Fossils of Birds. The story of bird life in the past, it is explained by Smithsonian ornithologists, must be reconstructed on very slender evidence. There is none of the abundance of fossil material with which the story of mammalian life can be reconstructed. The bones of birds were lighter, and more likely to decompose before the fossilization process set in. Moreover, birds were not so likely to perish under conditions conducive to their preservation as fossils.

U. S. Output Is Booming in Stamps and Currency

Washington. — Booming business has the presses in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing rolling day and night to meet demand for stamps and new currency.

Demand for two and three cent stamps, according to postal officials, is the highest since 1929. So far demand for these stamps is 20 per cent over that of the previous fiscal year. Post office revenues, an official said, may break the all-time record of 750,400,000 set in 1930.

At the Bureau of Engraving, it was revealed that from July 1 to November 30 a daily average of 59,000,000 postage stamps had been printed, compared with 45,000,000 in 1933. The daily average of cigarette stamps was 32,000,000; for tobacco stamps, 9,800,000; and for liquor stamps, 4,800,000.

The daily average of new currency printing was 3,600,000, compared to 2,100,000 in 1933. A Treasury official attributed the increase to more rapid circulation of money.

Two shifts are at work to keep up the stamp supply. Three shifts have been employed in producing new seamen certificates required under the Copeland safety-at-sea act.

Four Black Cats Worth \$25,000 to Some Family

San Francisco. — Four black cats will mean a modest fortune to some San Francisco family if the terms of the will of Shirley Moore, fifty-seven years old, retired postal clerk who died recently, are carried out.

"I bequeath my life savings of \$25,000 to anyone who will care for and feed my four black cats, providing the guardian has no children in his household," Moore wrote.

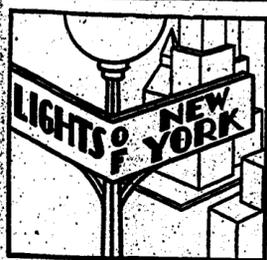
Here Is the Real Utopia; No Laws and No Taxes

Sydney. — The town of Collarenebri, 456 miles from here, claims more of the comforts of home and fewer of the municipal discomforts than any other town in the world.

As for the lack of municipal discomforts, it has no mayors, no aldermen, no property rates, no fire department, no brick building, no unemployment, no crime and no laws.

Find Old Trees

Olivet, Mich. — Tree surgeons working on the Olivet College campus have found specimens which they say are more than 400 years old. The college, the campus of which is famous for its ancient oaks, has inaugurated a tree planting program to replace older trees.



By L. L. STEVENSON

The term pocket miner doesn't mean the same in New York as it does in the West. Out where men are men and rocks are hard, the pocket miner is a legitimate citizen who digs gold out of pockets in the earth. In New York, the pocket miner is one who digs bills out of pockets of night club frequenters. He doesn't do it with dirt fingers because police deal roughly with pickpockets, and there is always the chance of getting caught. He does it by trickery. The patron who has enjoyed a wet, wild night receives callers at his hotel room or office the next morning. They inform him that the night before, he wasn't himself. Seeing that he was a good fellow, the club had settled for a small amount and he had told them to call the next morning and collect the balance. If the victim shows signs of getting tough, they tell him that he'll either settle or there'll be unfavorable publicity. Most of the victims, in the throes of a hangover, have settled. Thus the racketeers flourished.

Recently two waiters and a clerk called on a local gentleman. He didn't remember much about the night before but when asked for two hundred dollars, he became suspicious. He didn't argue about the matter, however. He merely told his callers to come back the next day—presumably when he would feel better—and there would be a settlement. The trio accepted the invitation. The business man was as good as his word—he met the demand in full. There was just one catch—he had taken the precaution of having a couple of detectives stowed away on the premises in a place where they could both see and hear. So the waiters and the clerk were taken with their loot right on them and at the moment are roosting in the hoosegow. Other pocket miners are laying off because when a victim squawks and gets away with it, the game becomes too hot to handle.

Ordinarily a peace-loving citizen, there have been numerous times when the desire has possessed me to drive a tank or some other indestructible car along the highways of New York and bang into road hogs and those motorists who hurl insults when accidents, of their own inviting, are missed seemingly by a miracle. Hence an incident on Williamsburg bridge has a peculiar appeal. Two gentlemen in a car were not only driving too fast but carelessly. A passing motorist advised them as to their shortcomings and the two informed him what he was and where he could go. The other motorist speeded up and beat them to the end of the bridge. There they found a traffic officer acting as a reception committee. The quiet man they had insulted happened to be Lewis J. Valentine, who as police commissioner, is boss of all the cops.

As you know already, local merchant tailor designers hold that the well-dressed man must possess at least 19 suits and overcoats; the list being: Six business suits; a riding suit, an informal walking suit, a cutaway suit, a dinner suit, a host jacket, a full dress suit, a dress evening topcoat, a plain blue topcoat, a blue heavyweight topcoat, a guard's coat, a yachting suit and a sport suit equipped with several pairs of trousers. Well, counting in the two white linen suits, one acquired in Trinidad and the other in Barbadoes and both several years old, as well as a two-season-old tropical worsted, I'm only 14 shy of the quota.

Under the energetic direction of Park Commissioner Moses practically the entire Hudson river front, from Seventy-second street to the upper end of the island, has been transformed, or is being transformed. In the course of time, it will be one long parkway, accessible to all who care to visit it, and that means hundreds of thousands. The Hudson river panorama at any season is one worthy of attention. Still it does look queer with many of the old landmarks missing.

Bustop eavesdropping: "He's no Clark Gable and he can't afford orchids, but I'm for him—he means gifts to friendless old people."
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

"Angora" Cow Found in Wisconsin Herd

Putnam, Conn. — Jacob Gurgitz found an "angora" cow among a herd he purchased and had shipped here from Wisconsin.

The animal, a full-blooded Guernsey, has the regulation coloring but the hair is three times longer than usual, giving the appearance of sheep wool.

Going to the Party?



WHERE is the party? At Mrs. Smith's on Walnut street and it looks awfully much as though the principals were caught by the candid camera. Luckily, however, they're perfectly groomed for their parts.

Introducing Janet. Janet in her jumper (Pattern 1996) is asking Mother which glassware to use. Her plaid blouse in taffeta makes her feel very dressed up. Mother chose this style because the many possibilities for change make it a wardrobe rather than a dress and she knew it would be easy-to-make. Your own little girl may have this same ensemble in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 39 inch material for the jumper and 1 1/2 yards for the blouse.

Mother, the Hostess. Mother is the perfect hostess, calm and assured, because she knows her all-occasion frock with its sprightly crisp apron (Pattern 1220) is becoming and appropriate. For house wear she made up this model in print. She is wearing here the crepe version and knows that it will be delightful for later on in cool black and white. It comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46. The dress and apron in size 36 require 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. The apron alone requires 1 1/2 yards.

And the Guest. The guest just arriving is wearing her trigest Sew-Your-Own. She likes it because the puffed shoulders and swing skirt make her hips look smaller. The collar is young and the sleeves stylish. This frock is especially chic in silk crepe alpaca or one of the lovely new prints. For your own daytime distinction, then, why not make up Pattern 1205? It is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. One ball of yarn required for trimming as pictured.

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Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.
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Urge of Ambition. Ambition, like love, can abide no lingering; and ever urgeth on his own success, hating nothing but what may stop them.—Sir P. Sidney.

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Cod Liver Oil
with nasty, fishy
taste and odor
removed



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Men's Blue, Green, Maroon

\$4.50 - \$5.00

BUTTERFIELD'S STORE

Telephone 31-5 - Antrim, N. H.

BANK BY MAIL

HILLSBORO GUARANTY SAVINGS BANK

Incorporated 1889

HILLSBORO, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A Representative of the Hillsboro Banks is in Antrim Wednesday morning of each week

DEPOSITS made during the first three business days of the month draw interest from the first day of the month

HOURS: 9 to 12, 1 to 3; Saturday 8 to 12

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent \$2.00 a Year

The Antrim Reporter ANTRIM NEW HAMPSHIRE Published Every Thursday

H. W. ELDREDGE
Editor and Publisher
Nov. 1, 1892 - July 9, 1938

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year in advance \$2.00
Six months in advance \$1.00
Single copies 5 cents each

ADVERTISING RATES
Births, marriages and death notices inserted free.

Card of Thanks 75c each.
Resolutions of ordinary length \$1.00.
Display advertising rates on application.

Notices of Concerts, Plays, or Entertainments to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for at regular advertising rates, except when all of the printing is done at The Reporter office, when a reasonable amount of free publicity will be given. This applies to surrounding towns as well as Antrim.

Obituary poetry and flowers charged at advertising rates.
Not responsible for errors in advertisements but corrections will be made in subsequent issues.

The government now makes a charge of two cents for sending a Notice of Change of Address. We would appreciate it if you would Mail Us a Card at least a week before you wish your paper sent to a different address.

Entered at the Postoffice at Antrim, N. H., as second-class matter, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Thursday, February 4, 1937

Antrim Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hollis and children visited her father in East Weare on Sunday.

Mrs. Maurice Grant of So. Weare has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown.

Delmar Newhall is recovering from pneumonia at the home of his daughter in Brattleboro, Vt.

Mrs. Robert Warner has returned to her home after being in a hospital for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. William McMahon of Dover were Sunday visitors of her father, Harvey Rogers.

The Antrim Chamber of Commerce will meet at Maplehurst Inn Tuesday evening, February 9, at 7.30.

Mr. and Mrs. John Newhall and Mrs. Hattie Huntington recently called on Delmar Newhall in Brattleboro.

Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap visited Chas. Farnum in Concord last week. Mr. Farnum is hale and hearty at 99 years.

Mrs. A. E. Holt and Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Packard of Franconstown were callers on Mr. and Mrs. E. E. George on Monday.

Mrs. George Warren and Mrs. Fred A. Dunlap attended the President's meeting of the State Federation of Women's Clubs at Concord last week Wednesday.

Chester B. Hadley of Concord, Harold D. Parks of Londonderry, William Glazier of Chesham, F. A. Joy of Newport, and E. F. Sutton of Keene, were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Milo Pratt.

Rev. and Mrs. William McN. Kittredge had a cablegram from Fategarh India, telling of the birth there to Dr. and Mrs. Morris K. Crothers, of a son, born January 30. Mrs. Crothers was Miss Florence Kittredge, only daughter of the Kittredges.

Card of Thanks

The family of the late Mrs. Emma J. Tandy acknowledge their appreciation for the kindness shown during their recent bereavement.

HAYDEN W. ALLEN

Chiropractor
Neurocalometer Service
Hours: 2-4 and 7-8 p.m.
The Felt House, HILLSBORO
Telephone 84

"OUR BEAUTY SHOPPE"

Telephone 66
Main Street - Antrim, New Hampshire

"When Better Waves Are Given, We'll Give Them"

Antrim Locals

Mrs. M. A. Edwards and Mrs. H. Edwards were Boston visitors recently.

Miss Dorothy Sawyer was at her home here from Keene Normal School for the week end.

Mrs. E. E. George is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Holt at Franconstown.

For Sale - Roasting Chickens and Eggs. Apply to M. A. Edwards, Tel. 75, Antrim.

Tuesday morning there was a chimney fire at the home of Louis Thibodeau. No damage was reported.

Hiram W. Johnson has been appointed acting secretary of the New Hampshire Society of Veteran Firemen to fill out the unexpired term of the late Harry M. Cheney of Concord.

Mrs. William McN. Kittredge is spending two weeks in Agawam, Mass., with her son and his wife. The special object of the trip was to see and take care of the new grand-daughter born there January 19th.

Chief of Police George W. Nylander has been appointed as an honorary member of the Committee of Safety and Parking for the Governor's Ball to be held Monday evening, February 8, at the State Armory in Concord.

Mrs. Lester Putnam was given a birthday surprise party on Monday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Putnam. The party was in the form of a Valentine party. Several gifts were received. Games were played and refreshments served.

E. D. Putnam and son, Lester, motored to New Haven, Conn., and gave an illustrated lecture to the Connecticut Botanical Society, before a full house. They made the trip in one day, driving over 350 miles. Mr. Putnam has several lecture engagements, including a return lecture for the Women's Republican Club of Massachusetts.

WITH THE NEW 1937 EASY IRONER

At last—an ironer that's easy to use! If you know how to iron by hand you know how to iron with the new 1937 EASY ironer that's so simple to operate, so easy-to-use, you'll iron sheets, shirts, dresses, without previous practice or experience.

\$2.50 DOWN
Delivers An EASY Ironer



Balance in 12 Monthly Payments

At Any of Our District Stores

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY
of New Hampshire

Post Office

Mail Schedule in Effect September 28, 1936

Going North

Mails Close 7.20 a.m.
3.45 p.m.

Going South

Mails Close 11.40 a.m.
3.50 p.m.
6.20 p.m.

Office closes at 8.00 p.m.

The Clinton Studio

Photo Finishing

Through Butterfield's Store
or Theodore Caughey

Antrim, New Hampshire

Ruberoid Shingles

Roll Roofing, Roof Paint, Roof Cement, Roofing Nails, Common Nails. Estimates on any roofing job. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Arthur W. Proctor
Tel. 77 - Antrim

Cheshire Oil Company

Range and
Fuel Oil

Call

Frank Harlow
Peterboro
356

Antrim Locals

Mrs. Isadora Schultz has been visiting her brother in Keene.

Mrs. Rupert Wisell is employed at the H. E. Wilson Company shop.

Granville Ring has been ill with a hard cold but is able to be out again.

Stanley Tenney has been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Forrest Tenney in Concord.

"Safety First"

The bureau of mines says that the phrase "Safety First" became a national slogan in the year 1911, when the bureau of mines gave a national safety-first demonstration at Pittsburgh, Pa. Previous to this, the phrase "Safety Is the First Consideration" was used on the stationery and among the employees of the H. C. Frick Coke and Steel company of Pittsburgh and the Illinois Steel company of Chicago. But since the national demonstration these firms and a great many others dealing with safety appliances have adopted this phrase.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hillsborough, ss.
Court of Probate

To the heirs at law of the estate of Warren W. Coombs, late of Antrim, in said County, deceased, intestate, and to all others interested therein:

Whereas Oliver M. Wallace, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in the Probate Office for said County, the final account of his administration of said estate:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Peterborough, in said County, on the 26th day of February next, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

Said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by causing the same to be published once each week for three successive weeks in the Antrim Reporter, a newspaper printed at Antrim, in said County, the last publication to be at least seven days before said Court.

Given at Nashua in said County, this 26th day of January, A.D. 1937.
By order of the Court,
WILFRED J. BOISCLAIR,
11-3t Register.

Valentines

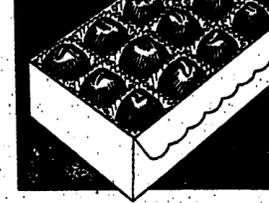


The best we've seen in years. You'll find every kind here to choose from.

1c each | 2 for 5c
2 for 1c | 5c each
3 for 5c | 10c ea.

Make someone happy with a Valentine.
PARTY FAVORS
If you're having a party we have all the things you need.

CANDIES

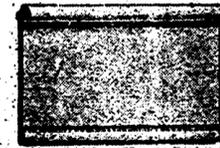


Chocolate Covered
CHERRIES
Lb. 29c



MIXING BOWL
Green Glass 10c

Rolled edge prevents chipping and makes easy grip for handling Square base.



FABRAY SHADES
39c

Fabray shades are economical because they're washable and long wearing.
Size 3 x 6 feet

POTTED BULBS
Ready to Bloom
10c

DERBY'S

HILLSBORO AND PETERBORO

EASTER LILIES
20c

Cheer up
your homewith
Bright Colors!



**PAINTS
VARNISHES
ENAMELS
BRUSHES**
10c and 20c

Paint-Up for Spring!
Get ready now. We have the things you'll need.

Bennington

Congregational Church
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Morning Service at 11 o'clock.

The Ways and Means Committee will sponsor a Card Party at the home of Mrs. Maurice Newton on Tuesday afternoon, February 9, at 2 o'clock, for benefit of the Bennington Woman's Club.

The Bennington Sportsman's Club will hold the monthly meeting, Thursday, February 4, with a supper at 7 o'clock. Mr. Hillman of Concord will show some moving pictures of a real fox hunt. There will be other speakers on the program. All members should make a special effort to be present.

Peterborough, N. H.—A new record exceeding the average of the Guernsey breed for her age and class has just been completed by a four and one-half year old cow, Edgerton's Sentinel Charity 842069 of Bennington, New Hampshire, tested and owned by A. J. Pierce. Her official record supervised by the University of New Hampshire and announced by the American Guernsey Cattle Club is 9768.8 pounds of milk and 460.0 pounds of butter fat in class BBB.

Legion Dance!

William M. Myers Post, No. 50, American Legion, is planning to sponsor a Washington's Birthday Ball the evening of February 19th. A committee has been appointed and plans are being completed for another successful dance with music by the ever-popular ZaZa Ludwig and his Vodvil Band of Manchester.

SCHOOL BOARD NOTICE

The School Board of Bennington meets regularly, in the School Building, on the third Friday evening of each month at 7:30, to transact school district business and to hear all parties.

Philip E. Knowles
Martha L. Weston
Doris M. Parker
Bennington School Board

Executor's Notice

The subscriber gives notice that she has been duly appointed Executrix of the Will of J. Lambert Weston, late of Hancock, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated February 1, 1937.

Mildred A. Weston,
Hancock, N. H.

Administrator's Notice

The Subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of Matilda A. Barrett, late of Antrim, in the County of Hillsborough, deceased.

All persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

Dated January 11, 1937.

ARCHIE M. SWETT.

Church Notes

Furnished by the Pastors of the Different Churches

Presbyterian Church.
Rev. Wm. McN. Kittredge, Pastor
Wednesday, February 8
Worker's Conference, supper at the vestry at six o'clock followed by the conference.
Sunday, February 7
Morning worship at 10.45 o'clock.
Boy Scout Week will be observed by the Scout troop attending church in a body. The pastor will give a special talk to them and speak on "Abraham Lincoln", Great Heart."
Sunday School at 12 o'clock.

Baptist
Rev. R. H. Tibbals, Pastor
Thursday, February 4
Prayer Meeting at 7.30 p.m. Topic: "What Do I Know about the Church?" I Cor. 12: 12-27.
Sunday, February 7
Church School at 9.45 o'clock.
Morning worship at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach on "Proclaiming Release to Captives."
Crusaders meet at 4 o'clock.
The Young People's Fellowship will meet at 6 o'clock in the vestry of this church.

The third in the series of union vesper services will be held in this church at 7 o'clock. Rev. G. Ernest Thomas, Th.D., pastor of the Baker Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church of Concord, will be the speaker. An offering will be received. The public is invited.

Little Stone Church on the Hill
Antrim Center
Rev. J. W. Logan, Pastor
Sunday School at 9 a.m.
Sunday morning worship at 9.45.

Antrim Garden Club

The February Meeting of the Antrim Garden Club was held at the home of Mrs. William F. Clark, Monday evening last.

The new president, Mrs. Alice Nylander presided and the usual routine business was transacted.

The program was on "How to Recognize Our Native Trees in Winter". Mrs. Rose Poor told of the outstanding characteristics of shape and structure of our most common trees. Mrs. Caughay read an article on the bark characteristics of the trees, and Mr. Robinson showed samples of the barks of most of our native trees. Mrs. Young read an article entitled "Tree Diaries". Mrs. Poor closed the program by reading a plea to protect our trees from harm.

The next meeting of the Club will be April 5; the place to be announced later.

Rose Poor, Press Cor.

Chief of Brushville Amateur Fire Company—You're late in getting here.

Young Fireman—I live a long way away.

Chief—That's no excuse. In future you must live nearer the scene of the fire.

Urges Unemployed To Get Numbers

F. E. Becker, Field Representative of the Social Security Board, Concord, was advised today by the State Employment and National Reemployment Offices that a large number of unemployed persons are still without Social Security Account Numbers at the time of their registration with these offices.

It is not only the privilege of unemployed persons to secure Social Security Account Numbers, but they are urged to do so because it facilitates their employment and assists the employers in setting up their payroll records. Although non-possession of an account number is not a bar to employment, application for an account number has to be made shortly after entering on duty and experience has shown that employers prefer workers to have their account numbers at the time of their employment.

Other individuals, such as seasonal workers, WPA workers, etc., who expect to enter covered employment, are also urged to apply for their account numbers at once.

At present employees' applications for account numbers, as well as employers' applications for identification numbers may be obtained at the local Postoffice or the Field Offices of the Social Security Board. Completed employee's applications, Form SS-5, should be returned to the local postoffice; completed employer's applications, SS-4, should be sent direct to the Wage Records office, Social Security Board, Baltimore, Maryland.

The Woman's Club

The Antrim Woman's Club will hold a meeting at Library hall Tuesday, February 9, at 8 o'clock. There will be a Roll Call and each member will respond with some famous person whose birthday comes in February. A list of persons born in this month and their characteristics may be found at the Library.

Louise G. Auger, Publicity.

The Old Home Town

Some long to see far away countries, Others yearn for fame and reknown. But I'm filled with peace and contentment Living here in the "Old Home Town."

Every one in our town is so busy. They toll thru heat and thru cold. Their hands may be grimy and toll-worn, But their hearts are of purest gold.

There's a nurse in most every township, Even the other blessings be few. But God in his mercy hath blessed us, For we have been given two.

When our babes go to school in the morning, We feel no anxiety or care. They will surely be well-taken care of.

For our good school nurse is there, Our district nurse always stands ready, To cheer us with her kindly smile, Like an angel of love on a mission, She helps us our cares to beguile.

The price of kerosene don't concern us, And we've no blackened chimneys to clean, As the "Derry Electric" has power For both lights and washing machine.

But they never forget to read meters, This is a small part of our ills, For in a few days they will send us, Our "Derry Electric" light bills.

But when we sit down in the evening, Those lights bring to us such a thrill,

We simply forget about meters And are thankful for even the bills.

We gossip sometimes in the "Old Town," For it helps us to pass away time, But if friend or neighbor is needy, We do not forget to be kind.

I wait with the greatest of interest, Till Saturday morn comes around, And Carl brings my dear old "Recorder," Filled with news of the "Old Home Town."

I have no desire to travel, and Care not for fame or reknown. Let me live in the place where my friends are, I'll stick to the "Old Home Town."

Weekly Letter by Proctor, Fish and Game Conservation Officer

We sat in the other night to the first annual broiled steak supper of the Greenfield Sportsmen's club at Greenfield. This club was organized a few weeks ago and now has about forty members. The supper was fine and great credit must be given to the committee in charge. After the banquet moving pictures of wild life were shown by James P. Hallinan of the Fish and Game Dept. These were new pictures and the fox hunt was the best we ever saw. The speaker of the evening was "Clem" Herson of Wilton, the father of the 40 per day horn pout law. The rest of the evening was spent in indoor baseball and beans. This club is officered by S. E. Burke, president, Arthur Savage treasurer, and George M. Wade. A live wire bunch. Success to this new club.

Well, I want at least a dozen men to qualify as guides to patrol the wilds of Sharon. Last Sunday "Hare" Butterick of Fitchburg, Bill Burnley and a friend from Leominster, Mass. took their beagles and went to the wilds of Sharon hunting. After a successful hunt they turned up lost. Hearing a man chopping they got their bearings and were eight miles from the car. They hired a man to take them back to the car. Then the hunt went on for "Peggy," one of the prize dogs that was lost. After a long search she was found under the car getting her beauty sleep. We would suggest that "Hare" run down to Iver Johnson's and buy a big compass to wear on his coat. "Hare" is telling his friends that it's the greatest woods he ever saw and just a few miles from home. However they had rabbit stew for supper. The next time you come up, Hare, we will have a guide ready for you. By the way, "Hare" is a Warden in that state but he doesn't know New Hampshire woods.

At least we have heard from our friend, Walter L. Hopkins of Greenfield, now basking in perfect summer weather at West Palm Beach, Florida. No, he did not tell me any fish story only says the weather has been perfect for the past month.

Several towns in this vicinity have a number of cats that are suffering with the mange. Better check your cats and dogs and see if they have any signs of this animal trouble. Several cats have been disposed of the past week that were in frightful condition. Children can take this from cats and dogs. So check up on yours.

The usual number of dogs and cats reported lost the past week. Some of them have never been found and some showed up within a few hours. In the case of reporting a dog lost please report back if the animal is found so that we can stop the search. Report in all dogs found at once.

Has anyone lost a little female part beagle and the rest just plain dog. We have her.

By the looks of the sporting magazines it won't be long to the trout brook fishing. The papers are full of advs. and there is everything to gladden the hearts of the fishermen whether he be dry or wet fly or just a plain worm.

Speaking of old guns, Lawrence Tigle of Wilton showed us two the other night that are really old. One an old English double barreled fouling piece and the other an old flint lock. The English gun is a valuable gun.

Do you want to get a real shepherd puppy, age about six weeks? Can be seen on West street, Milford, at home of Mrs. Elmer Adams. Real cattle dogs.

Just to show what a little protection will do for any kind of an animal. In 1921 the antelope in the Hart Mountain area of Oregon state were reduced to 200 head. In 1934 they were back to 4000 head, largely due to Government coyote control.

If you are interested in Forestry you should see the January copy of the Forestry News Digest edited at Washington, D. C., by the American Tree Association, 32 pages of well worth reading material.

Norman E. Wheeler of Hancock brings down a 19 pound male bob cat for the bounty shot near the Harrisville line.

Every year I sell licenses to men and women who are interested in birds but never hunt or fish. They say that every bird lover should support the Fish and Game department and why not. The Wardens protect all the song and wild birds as well as the animals. It's part of their work and it's only right and proper that the bird lovers support the department.

The other night in a nice snow storm I was parked beside the road just waiting for something to show up when a nice big car went by and stopped and very soon who should appear to me but Enoch Fuller, Secretary of State. He spotted my "S" and came back to say "Howdy." That's the kind of men I like to know.

One day last week I created quite a stir which I did not realize till it was all over. Met Dick Nickerson of Greenfield on the road and he wanted to show me a new rifle. I stood just outside his car and was looking over the gun when several cars came along and all stopped. I guess my uniform, hat and the gun were too much for them. While I stood there talking with him at least twenty cars came along and everyone of them stopped. I did not realize that route 31 had such travel. Later in the day a nice story got started as far south as Milford telling about a hold-up near the Coniad crossing.

A few years ago about a mile towards South Lyndeboro I was sitting on the running board of the car with a 30-30 rifle across my knees watching for a pack of dogs chasing a deer and had been killing sheep. Many a car went by but none stopped. Within twenty minutes a carload of men came up from the village all excited to know what it was all about.

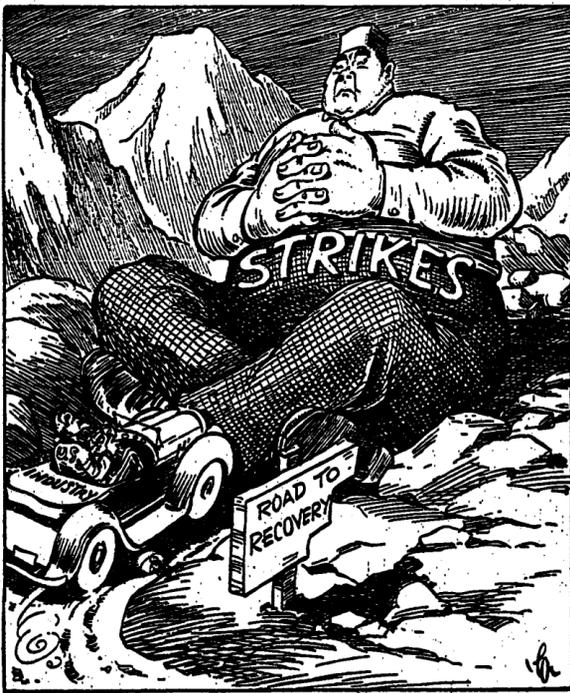
A few years ago in one of my towns was a man that refused to pay the dog licenses. The town clerk had hounded him without success. I was in that town and he asked me to take a walk with him. I got the rifle and we took a walk down a back street. Soon there was commotion and we went back. Within an hour he got five licenses about he didn't know anything about and the other fellow came across. That old 30-30 does not look good to them.

Some one in Hancock left out a trap. A small dog got into the trap and stayed 48 hours. This showed the trapper was not tending his traps every 24 hours. When a big search started the trapper went to his trap, took off the grapple and let the little dog carry home the trap on its foot. The feeling in that town is at fever heat and the end is not yet in sight.

Waterfowl will find a new home on the Illinois river where the Govt has set aside 4428 acres as a waterfowl refuge.

A company in New York is making a tear gas gun that will knock 'em all stiff at fifty feet or more. Most of the banks are buying this new method of protection.

BLOCKING THE ROAD



THE CLANCY KIDS

Oh! That's the Reason.

By PERCY L. CROSBY



THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Clean Comics That Will Amuse Both Old and Young

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



Over the Plate

By QUAR



'SMATTER POP— Would Sumthin' Leak In or Sumthin' Leak Out?

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

All in an Early Training



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

Crooner or Later



BRONC PEELER— A Shot Rang Out

By FRED HARMAN



Curse of Progress

Sentimental Arithmetic
Norman had come upon Elsie dozing in a deck chair on the sands, and when she woke up she accused him of stealing a kiss.
"Well," said Norman, "I admit the temptation was too strong to be resisted. I did steal one little kiss."
"One!" exclaimed Elsie indignantly. "Why I counted seven before I woke up."—*Tit-Bits Magazine.*

Oedipus Complex
Inspector (to new policeman)—I shall put you on night duty for a few weeks. Do you think you will be all right?
Policeman—Sure! You see, mother said she would come round with me for a night or two till I get used to it.—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Correct
An admiral was examining naval cadets for promotion.
"Tell me," he asked one young hopeful, "what must an officer be before he can have a funeral with full naval honors?"
"Dead," was the prompt reply.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. Which famous musician composed a symphony, but never heard it?
2. In what country is Sligot?
3. In what presidential year did the "gold Democrats" put a ticket in the field?
4. What is meant by "eye-service"?
5. What is opulence?
6. What hero was betrayed by Delilah?
7. On which side were the Bulgarians in the World war?
8. What is a micrometer?
9. What is the first sign of the Zodiac?
10. What British queen was succeeded as ruler by another queen?
11. What is adobe?
12. What is honeydew?

Answers

1. Beethoven. He became very deaf and composed his Fifth Symphony during bombardment of Austerlitz, 1805.
2. Ireland.
3. 1896.
4. Service done only when being watched.
5. Wealth.
6. Samson.
7. That of Germany.
8. A device for making small measurements.
9. Aries (the Ram).
10. Mary, by Elizabeth.
11. Unburnt, sun-dried brick.
12. A sweet substance in leaves of certain plants.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Non sequitur. (L.) It does not follow; an inconclusive argument.
O temporal! O mores! (L.) O the times! O the manners!
Penetralia. (L.) The inmost parts; secrecy; sanctuary.
Usque ad nauseam. (L.) To the point of nausea or disgust.
Vincit omnia veritas. (L.) Truth conquers all things.
Res augusta domi. (L.) Straitened circumstances.

If You Have a Child

ASK YOUR DOCTOR THIS



Ask Him Before Giving Your Child an Unknown Remedy

Practically any doctor you ask will warn: "Don't give your child unknown remedies without asking your doctor first."

When it comes to the widely used children's remedy—"milk of magnesia"—the standard of the world is established. For over half a century many doctors have said "PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia." Safe for children. No other is "quite like it."

Keep this in mind, and say "PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA" when you buy. Now also in tablet form. Get the form you prefer. But see that what you get is labeled "Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Each day tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.

Pleasant relief for Feverishness, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Teething, Headache, and other ailments. They tend to break up colic. At all drug stores. A Walking Child and Sample sent Free. Address: MOTHER GRAY'S CO., Lakely, N. Y.

WNU-2

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A Sure Index of Value

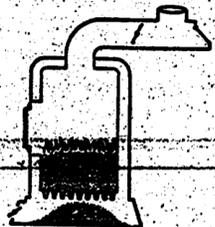
... is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.

Buy ADVERTISED GOODS

Home Heating Hints

Keep Furnace Ashpit Clean—Get Better Heat, Prevent Costly Repairs

SOMETIMES we are prone to grow careless and get the idea that all a furnace ashpit is for is to receive ashes as they come from the grates. As a matter of fact, however, receiving the ashes is but one of three important things an ashpit does. Besides holding ashes, it performs the very



necessary function of receiving air from the cellar and helping distribute it uniformly throughout the fuel bed.

Those things being true, it is dangerous to neglect keeping the ashpit clean. Accumulated ashes will cut off incoming air circulation and hamper the complete combustion of fuel, creating troublesome clinkers. An ashpit that is choked up with ashes is quite liable to overheat the grates, resulting in their warping or breaking. This, of course, means an expense in replacing the damaged grates.

So, I say again, don't take chances. Keep the ashpit cleaned out. Take a few minutes every day to remove the dead ashes.

How Brazil Got Name

Long before the "official" discovery of the new world, as far back as the Thirteenth century the existence of Brazil was already known to traffickers and merchants from a legend current among them. The report was that far away was a mysterious country covered by immense forests where a tinctorial tree grew in abundance. The dye was of a fiery hue, much like a brasa (live ember). Hence the name of brasili, given first to the wood and afterwards to the country where it grew.

MUSCLES FELT STIFF AND SORE

Got Quick RELIEF From Pain

If muscles in your legs, arms, chest, back or shoulders feel stiff and sore, get a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil and get quick relief. Rub it on—rub it in. Warm—soothes—gives wonderful comfort. Will not stain. At all druggists.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL
For MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS
DUE TO RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO—CHEST COLDS

Effects of Pralse
Praise makes good men better and bad men worse.

DISCOVERED Way to Relieve Coughs QUICKLY

IT'S BY relieving both the irritated tissues of the throat and bronchial tubes. One set of ingredients in FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR quickly relieves tickling, hoarseness, coughing, etc. coats and soothes irritated throat linings to keep you from coughing. Another set actually enters the blood, reaches the affected bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up cough and speeds recovery. Check a cough due to a cold before it gets worse, before others catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. It gives quick relief and speeded-up recovery.

Others' Faith
Faith is what we expect other people to have in us.

ONLY 1¢ A NIGHT for Eye Saving LIGHT with Coleman

Prevent your sight with Coleman lamps. Coleman lamps provide a high grade of eye light—no heat, no smoke, no noise. You can enjoy the finest light for only 1¢ a night. No home can afford to be without a Coleman lamp. Coleman lamps are sold everywhere. FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO., 1200 W. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.; New York, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo.; Los Angeles, Calif.

MORNING DISTRESS

is due to acid, upset stomach. Mifonein, which (the original) quickly relieves acid stomach and gives necessary elimination. Each wafer contains 1/2 teaspoonful of milk of magnesia. 20, 35¢ & 60¢.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Beverly Hills, Calif.

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Out here, our two favorite headlines are "Rift" and "Probe," one signifying that some ideal marriage between movie stars has begun to split at the seams and the other that some functionary has been in office long enough for the professional investigators to start investigating.

In between, somebody is either trying to put Sister Aimee McPherson in a hole or get Tom Mooney out of jail. So far, neither undertaking has succeeded, but folks keep right on trying. Last month, it was Sister Aimee's turn. This month it's Tom Mooney's.

But when other sources of news fail, it's fine to be able to fall back on good old reliable "Rift" and dependable, staunch old "Probe."

Poor Lo's Renaissance.

THE government says the surviving Indians are actually increasing in number. I started to add that this proves the Indians are holding their own, but, since we've left them very little of their own to hold, I stayed my hand. The Navahos always have been the most independent and aloof of all the tribesmen. For the most part, they continue to live a nomadic existence, following their ancient beliefs and ceremonies, refusing to be caged in towns, yet, numerically and in material possessions, they out-grow any other tribe.

Can it be that the white man's culture, which we so jealously strive to cram down the gullets of red people and black and brown and yellow, isn't always what the victims need? But, of course, to say that is practically to admit our civilization might have a few tiny flaws in it; whereas we know it to be the one perfect creation of man, and for proof point to its crowning achievement, the late World war.

The Spoils System.

THIS isn't a criticism, it's a timid little prediction based on all the political experience that the past yields to us:

Pledges of curtailment in governmental expenditures, as emanating from White House sources, are undoubtedly sincere. But Andy Jackson or whoever it was first coined the line, expressed the correct idea when he said that to the victor belonged the spoils—and not to let them spoil too long either. So it shouldn't surprise anybody or deeply shock anybody, except the few G. O. P. boys still scattered through congress, if Pennsylvania and Missouri and certain other states should go right on getting plenty out of the treasury for continued relief work on behalf of Senator Guffey and Mr. Pendergast and such-like benefactors of the human race. Not that the ins are any greedier than the outs; they've merely improved in sagacity since the days when nearly all the smart wolves seemed to be Republicans and nearly all the half-witted sheep seemed to be Democrats.

But Passamaquoddy might as well make up its mind to being sort of neglected from now on. Maine, she ain't been actin' right.

France's Inconsistency.

FRANCE has just lent a vast sum to Poland, and Poland, it is admitted, will use the money to increase its war strength. If Poland should repudiate the debt and default on the interest, a howl will go up from "La Belle France" that'll ring around the world. But, of course, it will continue to remain an evidence of soulless greed for Uncle Sam even to intimate that France might pay us a little something on account against the enormous amount she owes us for borrowed money which she has used to build up her army and also, it would appear, to pass along to Poland so that Poland may build up hers.

If consistency be a jewel, France is practically out of jewelry.

IRVIN S. COBB
©—WNU Service.

Cat as Prized Weather Forecaster

On Japanese ships in the Seventeenth century the tortoise-shell tomcat was so highly prized as a weather forecaster, because it would rush up the mast before the approach of a storm, that it was often classed as a member of the crew and given a rank higher than that of the cook.—Collier's Weekly.

Friendly Encouragement
A friendly slap of encouragement on the shoulder, a little well-timed smile of approval, a cheerful look for a comrade when he slips—these are the inexpensive little things that get the important big results.

Hugh Bradley Says

New York Post—WNU Service.

Surgeon's Neat Job on Muscles in Arm Heartens Parmelee

PLENTY of paragraphs for the price of one:

Roy Parmelee writes that the Cards made him very happy when they traded him to the Cubs last fall. The big pitcher adds that he recently spent an hour and a half on the operating table while a surgeon tinkered with two muscles which had grown together on his pitching arm. Now the wing feels swell and Parmelee is sure that at last he is going to live up to all those bright predictions Giant fans once made for him. . . . Skippy Bartell, three or four-year-old son of the Giant shortstop, who covered almost as much ground in the grand stand last summer as the old man did in the infield, is recovering nicely from an appendicitis operation.

Walter Kelley, bright Brooklyn lad who trains horses, is proudest of a gee-gee named Idle Midget who dotes on drinking pop out of a bottle. . . . Trainer Hirsch Jacobs is having the picture of Image, his greatest horse, engraved on a set of dinner plates. . . . Leo M. Shea, versatile Florida racing judge, also is an able fight referee. . . . Mrs. Ethel D. Mars expects a lucky 1937 with her two-year-olds, which cost more than \$100,000 at Saratoga sales. All of them are reported doing well. . . . Just to prove that times do change a church magazine asked for, and received, two working press badges for the Tropical Park race meeting.

Basketball Men Unexcited Over Zone Defense Squawk

Experienced basketball men are paying little attention to recent screams about the zone defense ruing the game. One member of the rules committee points out that this type of defense is almost as old as the game itself and capable coaches always have been able to find a way to offset it without pleading for new laws to make things easier for them. . . . Incidentally, here is a tip-off concerning the difference in rules in various sections of the country. At a recent Butler-Indiana game in Indianapolis it was announced that play would be according to "Big Ten Rules." The only way "Big Ten Rules" differ from other college rules is that the winning team takes home the ball.

The New York American hockey team, who spent a recent week end playing in Atlantic City, still do not know whether the auditorium management was kidding them. Anyhow, the dressing room to which they were assigned was labeled "Chorus Room No. 2." . . . Lorne Chabot, the goalie, is the only member of the Americans who wears spats. In New York that makes him a sartorial exception. In Montreal and Toronto, where he lives and works when not playing hockey, that makes him a smart man. You need protection in that cold weather. . . . Joe Lamb of the Americans is such a good golfer that he finished third in the Ottawa city championship last summer.

Jimmy Mars, who toils in Madison Square Garden publicity department, was christened Vincenzo Marazza. Mayor LaGuardia hung the "Mars" tag on him. . . . Joe Higgins, the income tax collector who looks so much like Jimmy Walker, gets plenty of play now when sportsmen discuss the next Democratic Mayoralty nomination. . . . Bob Cunningham, boxing and wrestling judge who was injured several weeks ago when a wrestler dived through the ropes and landed on top of him, wishes friends would visit him at the New York hospital.

Devotees of the sport might very well read "Squash Rackets," the book newly penned by Johnny Skillman, who was pro champion in 1933 and 1935. . . . Another book which will shortly hit the presses is "Fundamentals of Baseball," by Moose McCormick.

During the American Bowling Congress which will be held in New York from March 9 to April 30 each team will use a new set of pins. They are carefully weighed and for the first two weeks three-pound, four-ounce pins are used. At the start of the third week the weight is increased by an ounce. After four weeks the alleys are "normal" and pins weighing six pounds, six ounces are used.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

LONG ISLAND university has dropped plans for a gridiron comeback this fall. Instead the Blackbirds will continue to devote their best athletic efforts to winning basketball games. . . . Lefty Gomez's interest in prize fights is not entirely due to that brawl he soon expects to have with the Yankees concerning his 1937 salary. He always has been a red hot boxing fan and reads every bit of available literature on the subject. . . . Bill Tilden drinks tea with seven lumps of sugar in it during those rests between tennis games. Fred Perry's favorite tippie at such times is orange juice.

Big time hockey players are not exactly billing and cooling when they meet Bill Stewart these days. They say the Chief Referee technically is a most proficient arbiter, but that he sets himself up too much as a supreme power and otherwise takes himself too seriously. . . . Benny Leonard has abandoned, at least for the present, the notion of opening a new restaurant in Madison-Square-Garden. . . . Ray Schuff, Everett Scott, Chuck Klein and Jimmy Dykes are a few of the baseball stars who will compete in the Bowling Congress in New York this spring. Tony Cucinello, Heinie Groh and Jimmy Archer also are giving more than a thought to the affair. . . . Ed Beckman, son of that great pro star, Johnny, now plays on the Horace Mann team. . . . Ed Stevens, the automobile man who used to jump so high for the Irish-American A. C., has a young son who thinks nothing of clearing five feet ten inches in elementary school competition.

Those wrestling warriors who threatened to rend the nation with their disputes several weeks ago now are lovey-dovey so nicely that Jack Curley may be offering his shows at the Garden soon. . . . Gordon Bennett, captain of Dartmouth's football team, also leads the hockey sextet and has won three letters in that sport. . . . There is good reason why Walter Jack Reiger never muddles the orders at one of the town's higher class hostilities. Jack has such a good memory that he still insists the newspapers gave him none the best of the decision when he fought Boer Rodel at the Pioneer A. C. twenty-six years ago. . . . Nels Crutcheff's brother Gordon is carrying on the famous family hockey name as captain at McGill.

Dempsey Shows Fondness for Pinochle Game

Jack Dempsey likes playing pinochle even better than fighting, while his manager, Max Waxman, is a sucker for the horses. . . . Billy Cordes, who was champion bowler thirty years ago, was the first maple crasher to roll 300 in championship play. . . . Can those Philadelphia rumors be true about Lew Tendler's restaurant being in the hands of a receiver? . . . The du Ponts race track at Wilmington will be ready July 1.

Bob Spessard, the six foot eight inch, 210 pound center who performed for Washington and Lee against L. I. U. on the Garden court recently, has a better scoring average than that compiled by Stanford's sensational Hank Luisetti. He averaged 16 points a game last season and in twenty minutes of one game this year he netted 32 points. . . . Dynamite George Smith, the box-office man, is a \$13 a day employee at Tropical park. . . . In addition to helping Colonel Wilton Farnsworth pick all those winners John Leon also exercises his talents as an employee at the Miami dog track. . . . Jimmy Kelly, the eminent sports restaurateur, has 100 pictures of celebrities adorning his office walls. Each one of them reveals the celebrity shaking hands with, or otherwise buzzing, Jimmy.

Harvey Snyder of Columbus, Ohio, who sold his Portsmouth franchise to Detroit, probably will be elected president of the American Football league. At the same time it is likely that Jersey City will land a team in the circuit. . . . Tall basketball centers sometimes are good scorers for their opponents. In a recent Game Willard Schmidt, six foot nine inch center for the McPherson (A. A. U.) Oilers who played in the Garden last year, twice tipped the ball into the enemy's goal while trying to deflect shots. Twice more in the same game the referee allowed opponents goals when Schmidt touched the rim of the basket.

One of the fiercest of all turf fests now is being waged in Florida between Colonel Abe Hallow and E. E. Bureh. Bureh, who is very close to E. E. Bradley, is recognized as general manager at Hialeah. Hallow, a stalwart upholder of the J. E. Widener ideals, is not so strong officially, but nevertheless is reported to be a shrewd behind the scenes worker. . . . When he is playing pro tennis Ellsworth Vines' shirt is adorned with a U. S. Davis cup team shield. A grotesque and non-national cat's head is embroidered on the Fred Perry garment.

Ensign Fred (Buzz) Borries, former football and basketball star at the United States Naval academy, will return to his alma mater next fall as assistant to Lieut. Harry J. Hardwick, newly appointed head football coach.

Delight a Child With These



Pattern 5247

This sturdy pair, dressed in their "Sunday best," are sure to walk right into the heart of some wee tot. You'll have fun, too, making both the dolls and their bright finery, specially if your scrap bag furnishes you with gay odds and ends. Hair and features are done with a few simple embroidery stitches. Grand indeed for gifts are Sambo of the checkered over-

alls, and Mammy, in apron and kerchief. In pattern 5247 you will find a transfer pattern for a doll about 14 inches high; patterns for making the clothes; directions for making doll and clothes; material requirements. To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

From a MEDICAL JOURNAL THIS: ABOUT COLDS!

Therapeutics (of these cures) instead of bettering conditions of the body. To overcome this this prescription is vital. That's why, today—

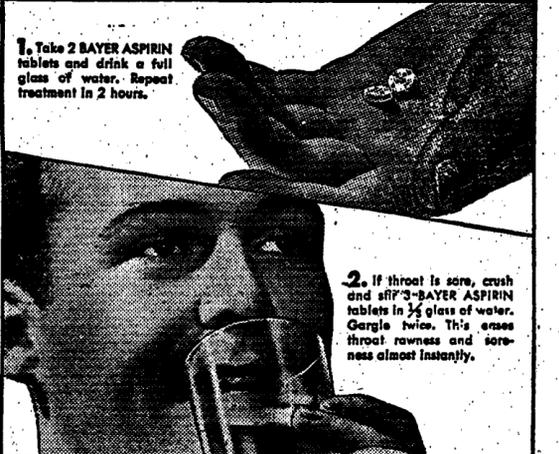
LUDEX'S COUGH DROPS 5¢ NOW CONTAIN AN ALKALINE FACTOR

Wasted Indignation
Most indignation is wasted. Nothing results from it.

DON'T RUB YOUR EYES

Rubbing your eyes sends invisible particles of dust and dirt right into the delicate tissues, making the irritation just that much worse. A much better way, as thousands have discovered, is to use a little Muriol in each eye—right and morning. Muriol may be depended on to relieve eye irritation because it is a reliable eye preparation containing 7 active ingredients of known value in caring for the eyes. It is for 40 years. Ask for Muriol at your drug store.

How to Ease a Cold Quickly



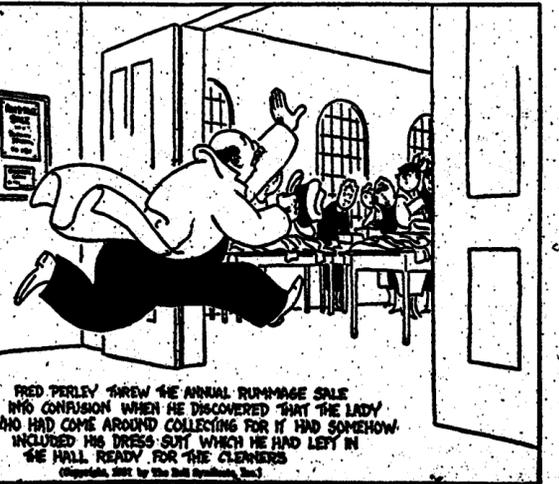
Get Quick-Acting, Quick-Dissolving Bayer Aspirin. Take 2 Tablets

The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will act to combat the fever and pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain, acting like a local anesthetic on the irritated membrane of your throat.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



FRED PERLEY THREW THE ANNUAL RUMMAGE SALE INTO CONFUSION WHEN HE DISCOVERED THAT THE LADY WHO HAD COME AROUND COLLECTING FOR HIM HAD SOMEHOW INQUIRED HIS DRESS SUIT WHICH HE HAD LEFT IN THE HALL, READY FOR THE CLEANERS.
(Copyright, 1937 by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TANGLED WIRES

By JANE LADD
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

THE office was very quiet that morning. Colonel Gray had gone away for two weeks and Judith was alone. This meant plenty of time to think, and this was the last thing Judy wanted to do. It was thinking, during those dreary weeks since she had left Van, that had brought her up against the dead wall of her present wretchedness and despair.

At the time of her marriage she had wanted Van to buy a certain new little suburban bungalow, set in a grove of silver birches, and to keep her position in Colonel Gray's law office until it was paid for. Van insisted that she give up her job and that they live in town. They had compromised, temporarily. Judith kept on working and they took a tiny apartment. The subject, however, remained a sore one. They argued and quarrelled and finally Judith packed her trunk and went home.

But her wrath had cooled now. Life in the cluttered flat wasn't what it had been in her girlhood days. She grew white and thin and took to crying herself to sleep. She wanted Van. Last night was the climax. Her mother had a sick headache, Billy had the chickenpox and her father, tired and cross, had muttered something to the effect that a married woman's place was with her husband and that, if Judy didn't care about Van, he could probably find someone who would.

So to her other agonies was added the blight of jealousy. All night she tossed feverishly and now she sat at her desk, heart-sick, her head buried in her hands. Finally she drew a long breath and capitulated. Life in its present form wasn't worth living. Far better to abandon her own scheme of living and conform to that of the man she had married—the man she loved with all her soul.

Trembling, she reached for the telephone and dialed the familiar number. There was a palpitant pause, a phantom click, the beloved voice: "Hello."

But suddenly her courage failed her. She dodged the issue. Panicked, she mimicked the mechanical tones of the professional operator: "This is the repair clerk speaking. We are testing your line."

It wasn't pride that made her do it, only shyness, and for a moment she held the receiver to her ear, hoping he might speak again. He did—but not as she had expected! "You sound like a very nice repair clerk," he remarked conversationally. "I think I'd like to meet you. Are you busy every night?"

Resentment sent her blood boiling through her veins. Her father was right, then. While she had been pinning for Van, he had been flirting with pretty voices over the telephone, smiling into sweet, pert faces in the street—perhaps even from behind the wheel of his roadster down into close, inviting eyes. Well, she would get even! Outraged dignity and a passionate desire for retaliation suggested the way.

She laughed softly. "Not—every night. I'm busy now, though. Shall I call you again?"

"Please do!" came his eager reply. That night she mapped out her campaign. She would lead him on; make a date with him; meet him and confront him with his own perfidy.

It worked like a charm. She called him every morning, carefully disguising her voice. She coquetted with him openly as the acquaintance progressed, but he was always a gentleman. If he had to be a villain, she thought, he did it well.

"You're a pretty good repair clerk," he told her once, rather wistfully. "I think you could mend broken hearts—and, goodness know mine needs it."

For a week she refused his invitations for a ride, hardening her heart against the coaxing tones that had thrilled her so during the brief sweet madness of her courtship and honeymoon; but, finally, on Friday, in a mood half pitying and half fearful, she yielded.

"How about Sunday?" she asked. He assented joyfully. "A picnic—all day! I'll take lunch—I've a peach of a hamper." A sob caught her throat as she thought of the happy times they had packed it together.

She was terribly apprehensive, now the time to meet him arrived. They might have patched up the fragments of their life together, once. Could they—after Sunday? She doubted.

At 11 o'clock she stood at the entrance to the Arboretum, looking for the shabby roadster that had whirled her away one autumn night, with Van, straight to paradise. Presently she saw it, but stopped, abruptly, her hand upon her heart. For the driver, who got down now and came to meet her, wasn't Van at all, but a thin young chap in glasses with a friendly but uncertain smile.

"I think you're the young lady I'm supposed to meet," he said. "Van sent me. We're to pick him up later. It's all right, you know—I have his car." Her brain didn't seem to be functioning. Like a sleep-walker she got into the car.

It was a queer ride. Van's messenger offered an explanation and

she asked for none. At first she had no idea as to where she was, but after a while her surroundings became familiar. The old house with the windmill—the duck pond—a grove of silver birches gleamed in the sun and they swung into a gravel driveway and stopped—before her House of Dreams!

The spectacled youth vanished, the door opened, and Van came down the steps. He lifted her bodily from the car and held her close. "Don't cry, Judy girl," he whispered, his own eyes suspiciously wet. "You're home, now, you know. Don't cry!"

The roadster stood in the drive all day. They explored the house and Van told her how he had bought it, and furnished it, and grown to love it better than any other place in the world. It wasn't all completed; some things he had left for her. "That little room off ours, for instance," he explained. "I thought you might like it for a sewing room. It's been a hustle," he added, dreamily. "I've done it all since the day you called me up and said you were the telephone repair clerk testing the line."

They were sitting on the davenport, her head on his shoulder, and she looked up at him with wondering eyes. "How did you know it was me?" she asked.

He hugged her tight. "You've got a funny trick, honey," he chuckled. "When you're excited you can't pronounce a word beginning with 'r', without putting a p in front of it. You said, 'This is the p-repair clerk speaking' and then I knew."

They ate their dinner on their own gray painted table, and soon it was dark, and time to go. They stood on the porch with the moonlight pouring down on the silver birches, and Judy sighed.

"Couldn't we stay here tonight, Van?" she begged. "I'll telephone mother. I—I can't leave it!"

There didn't seem to be any real reason against it, so they went in again and closed the door behind them, and their arms around each other, climbed the stair. But on the threshold of the little room next theirs, Judy halted her tall young husband, and he felt her trembling against his side.

"I—I'm going to give up my job at the office, Van, after all," she murmured unsteadily. "Dr. Grant thinks I'd better. And I guess we won't have this for a sewing room, dear. We'll paper it with those adorable bunnies and kittens—and put Mother Goose p-rhymes—all around the walls."

China Moves to Limit Its People to Two Names

It has been common practice for Chinese to have as many names as they please, changing them as their ambitions or state of mind change, but complications which arise in official records have led to a movement for restriction. The ministry of interior has requested a revision of the Chinese civil code to limit each person to two names, an ordinary name and a courtesy name, states a Shanghai United Press correspondent in the New York Times.

One of the most serious difficulties resulting from spur-of-the-moment name-changing arises at election time. Another complication is the refusal of a Chinese to accept a court summons issued in one of his names, which he vows is neither his family nor courtesy name.

Many educated Chinese have as many as four or five names, plus a number of literary pseudonyms. Government officials also adopt several names, as in the case of General Chiang Kai-shek, the nation's "strong man," who also is addressed as "Chung-chen" by friends who wish to show respect for his position as president of the executive Yuan. The late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese republic, still is referred to as "Chung Shan."

At birth a Chinese may be named after an animal or bird, or according to his weight, or the order of his arrival in the family. When he enters school he gets another name, his "school name," and a few years later he may adopt some such name as "Tsung Kuan" (Conquest of the World), or "Kuo Liang" (Pillar of the Nation). In maturity and old age his philosophy changes, and so again does his name.

Embroidery Old as Needle

Embroidery, which consists of a design or decoration worked with thread on a piece of cloth, is as old as the first needle. The Greeks, Assyrians, Babylonians and Persians covered themselves with embroidered cloth and even went so far as to embroider their tents and horse blankets. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the English had an "embroidery craze." They embroidered everything from book coverings and purses to window shades.

Women Used Cheek Plumpers

Cheek plumpers were used by many American and European women less than a century ago. They were two hollow silver balls that, when placed in each side of the mouth, rounded out flabby cheeks and smoothed out many wrinkles. A connecting wire, worn under the tongue, held them in place so the wearer could talk and titter without danger of choking to death. —Collier's Weekly.

Bad Egg

The solicitous waitress approached the young diner. "I forgot to ask you," she said, "if you wanted your eggs turned over?" "Sa good idea," replied the boy. "Turn 'em over to the museum!"

ATTENDING TO THINGS

By ISABEL MOORE
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TED, dear, if you don't keep your playthings from under foot, why I'll have to attend to them." Helen stepped over the toy train of cars in her hurried effort to reach the end of the veranda and look towards the newly planted garden. "There!" she exclaimed. "I thought so! Scratching up that seed again! I'll attend to that chicken!" Helen darted down the steps.

Her four-year-old son thoughtfully hauled his train of cars to one side and in the spring sunshine of late afternoon stood watching his mother's pursuit of the elusive egg-walking chicken. When it was captured and housed he sighed approvingly.

"If daddy forgets to bring home that chicken wire and attend to the new runway, why I'll attend to him!" Helen's eyes snapped whimsically as she breathlessly mounted the steps and went inside.

Ted nodded solemnly. Then he heard a light step. Turning, he saw his Aunt Dorothy coming up the path. She was twenty-one and lived with them. Ted rushed into her arms.

Presently Tom Hills hustled into Helen's welcoming kiss and cordially greeted his sister-in-law. Then he caught Ted up in his arms as the child pointed gleefully to a roll of chicken wire which Tom had set down.

After supper Helen and Tom, seated in the breakfast nook, became absorbed in a discussion of household matters. Ted sought his train of cars, Dorothy, starting for her room, turned back when the doorbell rang.

"That's Mr. Elderbird, I'll bet," grimaced Helen.

"I suppose so," Dorothy answered perplexedly. Then softly she ran towards Ted, catching his little hand. "Come with Aunt Dorothy, dear, and talk to Mr. Elderbird."

"No; don't want talk 't' ol' bird," "Oh," gasped Dorothy, "who said—" she glanced reproachfully at Tom, who grinned guiltily. "Just let him hear your nicknames," she warned quietly, "and you'll never get those letters of introduction."

Tom shrugged good-naturedly. Dorothy demurely admitted the large, complacent Mr. Elderbird, who was about forty-five, with ogling eyes and dyed hair. Repressing a weary sigh, she ushered her wealthy caller into the living room. She knew the line of talk to which she must listen and give evasive answers, until she could get rid of him without invoking his displeasure. He was so influential, so able to hasten Tom and Helen along towards Easy street.

Then, as often before, the doorbell rang again.

Dorothy flew to the door, this time greeting Carl Kennedy, twenty-two, alert, eyes of keenest blue and hair of reddish sand color. He scowled when she murmured, "Mr. Elderbird's here," and coldly civil was his recognition of the bland visitor who occupied the biggest and most comfortable chair.

Dorothy steered conversation into general channels. Mr. Elderbird apparently enjoyed Kennedy's ill-concealed jealousy, the younger man every now and then stifling some remark he had almost said aloud.

When finally Mr. Elderbird, with a farewell smirk, bowed himself out, Carl exploded:

"You're afraid of hurting his feelings, you say! What about mine? I've reached the limit! All I could do to sit here and not land him one in the jaw every time he leered at you!" Carl had jumped to his feet and began striding back and forth. Suddenly he went to Dorothy. In gentler voice he pleaded: "Say that you won't let Elderbird call here again—to see you personally, I mean!"

"But—please listen—"

"Oh, perhaps you do like him?" an ominous note in his voice.

"You know—"

"I know that you allow him to call—"

"interrupted the tempestuous young man, "pretending you can't get rid of him. Certainly looks as if you cared somewhat—"

"Carl!"

"—else you couldn't endure his presence. Very well! I'm done! I quit!" He flung himself towards the door.

"Please—Carl!" she begged. "Just listen!"

"Never again!" he hurled mockingly, and the front door banged after him.

On startled tiptoe Helen came toward Dorothy. Ted, sleepy-eyed, trudged behind.

"Darling, what's happened?" Helen's arms closed around Dorothy's trembling shoulders.

"We—quarrelled, I guess. And—Carl's gone—forever!"

"What do you mean? Carl's crazy about you!"

"Not now. Because—of Mr. Elderbird."

"Say! Haven't I said all along we don't care whether that rich old guy ever introduces us to his big-bug friends or not? Tom's smart enough to go on his own. We're not going to sacrifice your happiness just to flatter Mr. Elderbird. Tom would say so, too, if he weren't sound asleep. I do wish, my rushed on, 'you'd let me speak my

mind to the old pest. Oh, I'd attend to him!"

"No," Dorothy choked, dabbing her eyes. "We mustn't be rude to him. But why—why on earth can't he see I care nothing for him? Why does he persist in calling? And, oh—Carl!" She began to sob, just as a tired little voice said:

"G'night, Auntie Dorothy."

"Good-night, sweetheart." She kissed the roseate face ere Helen whisked the child upstairs to bed. Dorothy followed, trying to be brave.

On the following evening when the doorbell rang, Dorothy dragged herself to the door. Mr. Elderbird seated himself. Ted betook himself to his own small rocking chair, which he dragged to a position between his aunt's chair and that of the visitor. The child seated himself, clutching a box cover in his chubby hands.

To Dorothy Ted's presence was a godsend, but Mr. Elderbird's eye indicated that the child was a nuisance. He glanced significantly at his watch. "Time for little fellows like you to be in bed, isn't it?"

Ted rocked in silence.

Mr. Elderbird cleared his throat, apparently determined to ignore the child's presence. "Have you decided, Miss Miller—Dorothy, if you will permit me—what your answer should be?"

"Why, yes—no. I mean—you see—"

Ted stopped rocking with an abruptness that opportunely diverted his aunt's attention. He gave her a fleeting, half-guilty glance, then quickly turned his head towards the caller, upon whom for a second the child's dark eyes rested accusingly. A chubby fist then shot upward in the air and the painted box cover was brought down forcibly upon the knee of Mr. Elderbird—clap!

"Ted!" exclaimed Dorothy.

Mr. Elderbird grinned condescendingly.

"You here ev'ry night!" Ted's voice piped up. Dorothy gasped, then started an animated conversation.

Whack! Again a sharp blow on Mr. Elderbird's knee—another—followed by two swifter and more stinging raps before Dorothy could seize the belligerent Ted. But his tongue she could not control.

"You here ev'ry night. Wha' for? Aunt Dor'thy don't like you!"

Mr. Elderbird bit his lip. "Is that true, Miss Miller?" he frowned.

"Go 'way!" shrilled Ted.

Dorothy's eyes were downcast. "Shall I go?" demanded the visitor icily as he rose to his feet. Silence.

"And not return?" Dorothy nodded.

He went.

Three days later, at sunset time, Carl Kennedy drove furiously by the house, eyes straight ahead. Ted saw him and shouted joyously. The car slowed up. Backed.

"Hello, Ted!" called Kennedy huskily. His eyes softened as he cast one sidelong glance towards the house. Ted scrambled up on the running-board.

"Why you not here ev'ry night?" Carl winced. "I—"

"O'l' bird—'at's what daddy calls him—isn't here any more."

"W-h-a-t?"

"I 'tended to it."

"Huh? You—attended to—Elderbird? What yer mean?"

"I 'tended 't' him. C'mon, Carl."

Town Criers Are Still Heard in French Villages

The town crier with his bell has virtually disappeared from England; but what corresponds to him in France has survived more generally, especially in the country districts. This picturesque figure goes about wearing a shabby cap of semimilitary design, and a leather baldric with a brass plate on it as his sole uniform over the clothes in which he tills his little plot of land. However, he has duties and they consist of village policeman, bill-sticker and frequently bell-ringer for Sunday church and daily angelus.

If the place is larger than a village, the "Tambour" may be a separate official. In either case he can be hired by private persons to make commercial announcements, or to proclaim lost property. This strange semi-official is in danger of disappearing. The authorities are thinking of changing his professional association from the drum or bell to the microphone, when loud speakers would make his voice heard at each of the cross-roads where he has hitherto repeated his message to the countryside.—Los Angeles Times.

Paint Mill Is Landmark

The famous landmark in Boston, known as the "Boston Stone," is an old paint mill, which was imported from England about the year 1700 by a painter who had a little shop on Marshall lane. It consists of a round stone, about two feet in diameter, which was the grinder of "muller," and a stone beneath. The stone was rolled back and forth in the trough hollowed out in one side of the larger stone underneath it and thus ground the paint. It has the words, "Boston Stone, 1737," cut in its side.

Should Not Yield

"We should not yield too far to the authority of youth," said Hi Ho, the sage of Chinatown. "If I join my young nephew, Yoo Hoo, in the fascinating sport of kite flying, how can I command him to follow my example and study the precepts of Confucius?"

It Pays to Advertise

By H. IRVING KING
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"BET you anything you like you don't dare to do it," said Albert Richards.

"Lay you a hundred that I do," responded Henry Abbot. They had been discussing an "ad" in the "personal column" of the evening paper stating that a "young widow, aged, thirty-five, desired the acquaintance of young man with a view to matrimony. Widow had twenty thousand dollars of her own. Call at 35 West Twenty-something Street; 8 to 9 p. m. Strictly business—no triflers."

At five minutes past eight Albert rang the doorbell of a brown-stone house in the street named in the "ad." Next-door to it on one side was an office building apparently housing a multitude of small businesses. On the other side of the brown-stone mansion another office building was in process of erection. This seemed to be the only dwelling house on that side of the street for half a block, so Albert was sure he had made no mistake.

The door was opened by a trim maid. "I—er—came with regard to the advertisement," hesitated Albert, rather taken aback by the general appearance of the interior which the opening of the door disclosed—it was so conventional, so everything but what one would expect in a house where a woman was waiting who had advertised for a husband. "What name, shall I say?" inquired the maid. Albert's hand moved toward his card case, but he remembered himself and replied: "Mr. Smith—John Smith."

Presently there appeared an exceedingly pretty young woman, who, if she was thirty-five, looked at least five years younger.

"You came about the advertisement, Mr.—er—Smith?" she said in a calm, melodious voice which absolutely thrilled the adventurous young man.

"Yes, Mrs.—er—?"

"Camwell," said she, regarding him with a rather curious look.

"I read your advertisement Mrs. Camwell," went on Albert, "and am of the opinion that we might—er—come to some agreement."

"I sincerely hope we may," replied the lady. "I have had trouble enough over the matter. Just what have you to propose?"

"Why," replied Albert, slightly flushing, "as to the twenty thousand dollars—I, of course—He was becoming so "frustrated" under the young lady's steady gaze that he was hardly conscious of what he was saying.

"Twenty thousand!" exclaimed the lady. "Oh, it will run up to much more than that."

"More than that," thought Albert, "and such a woman—and she advertises for a husband! What skeleton is lurking in the background to cause such an anomaly?"

"Now if you really mean to take the contract," she resumed, "I want you to know all about the matter. I have had so much trouble—and by the way—why do you call me 'madam' and 'Mrs.?' I am Miss Elizabeth Camwell. And now with regard to the contract for completing the building next door."

Albert's head was in a whirl. "I guess I have made a mistake," he spluttered. "Got the wrong advertisement—or the wrong house—or something."

"Do you mean to say," demanded the lady sternly, "that you did not come about my advertisement for a contractor to complete my unfinished building?"

Albert got his wits together. "Why, yes, of course I did," he replied. "I am Mr. Richards."

"The maid said Smith," interrupted Miss Camwell.

"She made a mistake," returned Albert decidedly. "She misunderstood me. I represent the firm of Bedlow & Forrest. If you will kindly give me an outline of the situation I will have one of our men examine the work already done and give you an estimate." Albert had suddenly remembered that his maternal uncle was Bedlow of the firm of Bedlow & Forrest, builders and contractors. Here was a chance to throw business in his uncle's way and, at the same time, to improve his acquaintance with the charming Miss Camwell, who, he soon discovered, was an orphan with no near relatives.

They talked for nearly an hour, not only of the building business, concerning which Albert did his best to conceal his ignorance, but of many other agreeable things. As he was leaving Miss Camwell said: "By the way, with regard to that advertisement—are you sure you got the right house?"

"Absolutely," replied Albert.

"Because," said she with a curious twinkle in her eye, "I also read the papers—and there is a matrimonial agency in that office building next door. Good-night; let me hear from you soon again with regard to the contract." She did hear from him again soon—and to make a long story short, Bedlow & Forrest got the contract—and Albert got the girl.

DM His Best

"You say Jake takes everything literally?"

"Yes, he was invited to a house-warming party and he took along some kindling and a box of matches."

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SCHOOL BOARD'S NOTICE
The School Board meets regularly in Town Clerk's Room, in Town Hall block, on the Last Friday Evening in each month, at 7.30 o'clock, to transact School District business and to hear all parties.
MYRTIE K. BROOKS,
ARTHUR J. KELLEY,
ARCHIE M. SWETT,
Antrim School Board.

SELECTMEN'S NOTICE
The Selectmen will meet at their Rooms, in Town Hall block, on Tuesday evening of each week, to transact town business.
Meetings 7 to 8
ALFRED G. HOLT,
BUGH M. GRAHAM,
JAMES I. PATTERSON,
Selectmen of Antrim.

Advertising

It costs money to advertise in a paper of circulation and influence in the community. Every business man who seeks to enlarge his trade, recognizes the fact that advertising is a legitimate expense. It is not the cheapest advertising that pays the best. Sometimes it is the highest priced newspaper that brings the largest net profit to the advertiser.
Try the REPORTER.